

God's Gift is  
still Eternal Life

PRICE FIVE CENTS

ce and Glory  
at the Garrison

TURALLY, to quote Adjutant Davies, "we are all on our toes" over coming of the Chief-of-the-Staff and Commissioner Higgins, for we all that their visit is not to be missed from the Opening of the new son. Indeed, if we were permitted to do everything we know, things are beginning to move. And so we when we get on to Portage here we have scarcely had room to move. However, the Editor takes to the privilege of saying all that is said about "Our" event.

detts the world over have a feeling of reverence for those who have blazed a path for them, and it was with such feelings that certain of the boys took part in the funeral of Bandman Luff, at the home of his mother in Winnipeg. It was and is such a comfort to him who made our paths the easier.

Thursday visitation continues to be a success. In one home visited last week the mother was visibly affected by the boys' prayers, and promised to think again of the God of her life; she also promised to bring her little girl along to the Junior League.

On the other Sunday the boys of the Portage had their "Sunday at Home" with Adjutant Merritt; again he counselled us, and we cannot but feel that the spirit of these old-time warriors will end upon us.

On Saturday evening we had the joy of seeing three souls at the Mercy-Seat. The boy Cadets who took part in the Meetings had given us especially thrilling accounts of their conversions. The victory which resulted was a great answer to our faith and prayer. Joy bubbled over on the way home.

On the street-car we were much too excited to keep quiet, and so one by one we began to chant our little choruses until by and by we broke out into united song. Oh, we think, to the astonishment of passengers and the conductor. Now again the names of the various streets—again from the Conductor—rose above the noise, but we all had a good time. At the corner of our street we sang the hymn, gave the good natured conductor a hand-shake and a "God bless you" and so home to bed.

Some of the girls are at Portage having a good time (Are they?) and are glad to hear it.—Ed.; the rest of us are on Portage Avenue getting ready. My, it's great!—(in Omnia fides).

## COMING EVENTS

STAFF-CAPTAIN TUTTLE  
Gift Current. Thurs.-Sun., Dec. 1-4  
msack.....Fri.-Sun., Dec. 9-11  
blin.....Mon., Dec. 21  
nnipeg.....Tues.-Thurs., Dec. 13-15

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you will certainly require  
Mother of The Army in an

Booth: "The Desire of the  
and we took me in"—by the  
Colonel Wm. Nicholson: "The  
Cabin in the Woods"—by  
Adier Grausland: "Yesterday

le among your friends.

NEXT WEEK—The Bible and The Army

# THE WAR CRY

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS:  
101 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.

WILLIAM BOOTH, Founder  
BRAMWELL BOOTH, General

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS:  
317-319 CARLTON STREET, WINNIPEG

VOL. VIII. No. 49. Price 5c.

Winnipeg, December 10, 1927

CHAS. T. RICH,  
Lt.-Commissioner



## THE CHIEF-OF-THE-STAFF OF THE SALVATION ARMY

(Commissioner Edward J. Higgins, C.B.E.)

(See announcement on page 12)



## Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, Exodus 5: 14-23. "Why is it that Thou hast sent me?" Moses could understand heathen Pharaoh's refusal, but what hurt him so terribly was that God's own people misjudged him. The greatest pain comes when we are misunderstood by those with whom we work, after our best efforts to help them. Learn to go direct to God when you cannot understand the difficulties of life. He will make things clear to you, or give you patience if you bide His time.

Monday, Exodus 6: 1-13. "They hearkened not unto Moses for anguish of spirit." It is hard to listen to any message, however glowing, if one is hungry, oppressed, or cruelly treated. That is why in our Army Social Work we feed and look after people before we speak to them about spiritual things. Human kindness prepares the soul and makes it willing to listen to the story of God's love.

Tuesday, Exodus 7: 1-13. "Pharaoh shall not hearken." God's early dealings with Pharaoh are not recorded. We only read the last scenes. By cruelly ill-treating a free people, Pharaoh so hardened his heart to right that he lost the power to change. So in blind, unreasoning folly we see him drag his nation to destruction. God's wonders and mercies, if not accepted, only drive us further from Him, because in refusing them we harden our hearts.

Wednesday, Exodus 7: 14-25. "All the waters that were in the river were turned to blood." The Egyptians worshipped the Nile. When the annual floods, which fertilized the whole land, were expected, Pharaoh himself would lead the religious festivals. The waters of the Nile becoming as blood, struck a blow at the chief object of Egyptian worship. It showed the powerlessness of the river-god to protect his own waters.

Thursday, Exodus 8: 1-15. "That thou mayest know that there is none like unto the Lord." Each year, with the overflowing of the Nile, myriads of frogs swarm along the banks of the river and canals. Later they return to the river or are devoured by water birds. But at the command of the Lord the frogs suddenly appeared and at an appointed time died. Pharaoh could not help seeing God's hand in this.

Friday, Exodus 8: 16-32. "Intreat for me." Sometimes today when people are in trouble they say to God's servants, "Pray for me." This is a right thing to do. Prayer changes things, but they sometimes forget that they need to do their part, or God cannot help and bless them. Had Pharaoh only been sincere, he would have received a greater blessing than the removal of the plague.

Saturday, Exodus 9: 1-12. "Go in unto Pharaoh, and tell him, thus saith the Lord." Moses was strong because of His Divine commission, because he had God behind him. Nothing else could have changed his weakness and timidity into strength and courage. God is still the same today, so claim His wonderful power for yourself, then you, too, can go with His message, "Thus saith the Lord."

Go up with Christ your Head.  
Your Captain's footsteps see;  
Follow your Captain, and be led  
To certain victory.

## THE BIBLE AND THE ARMY

Special articles, stories, messages, etc. — see next week's issue.

## P's and Q's

Patience is a bitter plant, but it has sweet fruit.

Peace that is bought at the price of principle is profanity.

Praise God more and blame other people less.

Prayer is the key of the morning and the lock of the night.

Prayer without work is a bow without a string.

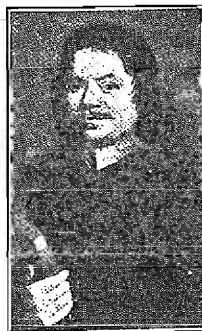
Promote the truth and the truth will promote thee.

Quick steps are best on miry ground.

Quit not certainty for hope.

Quickened by grace, quicken your pace.

Quarrel with nobody.

JOHN BUNYAN  
TALKS ON HELL

THE THUNDER-CLAPS OF CONSCIENCE AND THE SCRAMBLE OF THE DEVIL FOR LOST SOULS

"And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom."—Luke xvi., 24

OUR Lord doth show, in this verse, partly what doth and shall befall to the reprobate after this life is ended, where He saith, "And in hell he lifted up his eyes." That is, the ungodly, after they depart this life, do lift up their eyes in Hell. From these words may be observed several things. It is evident that there is a Hell for souls, yes, and bodies too, to be tormented in after they depart this life, as is clear, first, because the Lord Jesus Christ, that cannot lie, did say after the sinner was dead and buried, "In hell he lifted up his eyes." Now if it be objected that by Hell is here meant the grave, that I plainly deny.

## Commissioner Brengle, one of The Army's leading theologians, says:

Some labor hard to strip this story of the Rich Man and Lazarus of its evident meaning, and to rob it of its point and power, by declaring that it is only a parable. On the contrary, the Saviour's statements are given as facts. But even though we admit the account to be a parable, what then? A parable teaches either what is or what may be, and in that case these words lose none of their force, but stand out as a bold word-picture of the terrible doom of the wicked.

1. Because there the body is not sensible of torment or ease; but in that Hell into which the spirits of the damned depart, they are sensible of torment, and would very willingly be freed from it, to enjoy ease, which they are sensible of the want of; as is clearly discovered in this parable, "Send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue."

2. It cannot mean the grave, but some other place, because the bodies, as long as they lie there, are not capable of lifting up their eyes, to see the glorious condition of the children of God, as the souls of the damned do. "In hell he lifted up his eyes."

3. It cannot be the grave, for then it must follow that the soul was buried there with the body, which cannot stand with such a dead state as is here mentioned; for He saith, "The rich man died;" that is, his soul was separated from his body. "And in hell he lifted up his eyes."

## Not Only in This Life

If it be again objected that there is no Hell but in this life, that I do also deny, as I said before: after he was dead and buried, "In hell he lifted up his eyes." And let me tell thee, O soul, whoever thou art, that if thou close not in savingly with the Lord Jesus Christ, and lay hold on what He hath done and is doing in His own person for sinners, thou wilt find such a Hell after this life is ended, that thou wilt not get out of again for ever and ever.

The Second thing is that all the ungodly that live and die in their sins, so soon as ever they depart this life, do descend into Hell. This is also verified by the words in this parable, where Christ saith, he "lifted up his eyes," and in hell he lifted up his eyes. What a miserable case he that dies in an unregenerate state is in; he departs from a long sickness to a longer Hell; from the gripings of death to the everlasting torments of Hell. "And in hell he lifted up his eyes." Ah, friends! if you were but

yourself, you would have a care of your souls; if you did but regard, you would see how mad they are that slight the Salvation of their souls.

Oh! what will it profit thy soul to have pleasure in this life, and torments in hell? (Mark viii. 36). Thou hadst better part with all thy sins, and pleasures, and companions, or whatsoever thou delightest in, than to have soul and body to be cast into hell. Oh! then do not now neglect our Lord Jesus Christ, lest thou drop down to hell (Hebrews ii. 3).

Consider, would it not wound thee to thine heart to come upon thy death-bed, and instead of having the com-

fort of a well-spent life, and the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, to gather with the comforts of His glorious Spirit, to have, first, the sight of an ill-spent life, thy sins flying in thy face, thy conscience uttering itself with thunderclaps against thee, the thoughts of God terrifying thee; Death with his merciless paw, seizing upon thee; the devil to scramble for thy soul, and hell enlarging herself and ready to swallow thee up; and an eternity of misery and torment attending upon thee, from which there will be no release.

## Death not Alone

For mark, Death doth not come alone to an unconverted soul, but with such company, as wast thou but sensible of it would make thee tremble. I pray, consider that Scripture, Rev. vi. 8, "And I looked, and behold a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death, and hell followed with him." Mark, Death doth not come alone to the ungodly, no, but hell goes with him. Blessed are all those that through Christ Jesus, His merits, by faith, do escape these soul-murdering companions.

Some are so fast asleep, and secure in their sins, that they scarce know where they are, until they come into Hell. Truly thus, it is to be feared, it is with many poor souls; they are so senseless, so hard, so seared in their conscience (1 Tim. iv. 2) that they are very ignorant of their state; and when death comes it strikes them as it were into a swoon, especially if they die suddenly, and so they are hurried away, and scarce know where they are till in hell they lift up their eyes.

Oh, my friends! did you but know what a miserable condition they are in that go out of this world without an interest in the Son of God, it were to make your souls cry out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" (Acts xvi. 30). And not only so, but thou wouldst not be comforted until thou didst find a rest for thy soul in the Lord Jesus Christ.—John Bunyan.

## Leave the Thread to God

Spin cheerfully,  
Not tearfully,  
Though wearily you plod;  
Spin carefully,  
Spin prayerfully,  
But leave the thread to God.

The shuttles of His purpose move  
To carry out His own design;  
Seek not too soon to disapprove  
His work, not yet assign  
Dark motives, when with silent  
dread  
You view each sombre fold,  
For lo! within each darker thread  
There shines a thread of gold.

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## Vast Resources

A traveller in Brazil has told of an Indian village he visited. The land refusing to respond to the hand of the tiller, the Indians imported their corn carrying it on their shoulders from the seacoast, a distance of two hundred miles. They ground it into meal between two rough stones, as people did in a primitive age. Yet nature had placed at their very feet a water-fall that was capable of generating several thousand horse-power for every month of the year. If this great source of natural power had been harnessed to the wheels of industry, they might have irrigated their lands and made the waste places a garden of fertility. They could have built mills and ground the harvested corn. They came so far short of their material privileges that their lives seemed an actual tragedy—a perpetual drudgery when they might have known the joy of living. The voice of the waterfall was ever calling, "Use me! Use me! Make your desert an Eden! Let me lift the burden from your shoulders and wipe the sweat from off your brows!" But they heeded not the voices that called.

What a spiritual tragedy it is that we live so far beneath our privileges in the Kingdom of Jesus Christ! The Holy Spirit places vast resources at our disposal. Voices of His "many waters" are ever calling, "Use me! Use me! I will lighten your load of life! I will be a sanctuary of refreshment to the thirsty and tired. I will make your wilderness and solitary places to rejoice and blossom as the rose."

## Stepping Stones

There are three grades of Christian life. There is, first of all, the dissatisfied life—the life that knows there is something which it does not possess; the life that is perpetually discontented, and rightly so with itself. There is, second, the life that is half and half, that now and then rises up to the Mount of Transfiguration, and then paces for long seasons over weary wastes of whitened ashes. There is a third life of satisfaction and contentment of peace and power and rest; the life that has made Jesus Christ its one object; the life that every man lives who is able to say, in the fine phrase of Ignatius, "O Christ, Thou art my inseparable life." The soul that has made Christ its one object has entered into rest, and has entered into power; it has entered into a life of activity which no foe can withstand, and of contentment at which no storm can ruffle; for over all the seas where it voyages speaks that Voice which quietened the waves of the turbulent Tiberian sea: "Peace, be still." Nothing can overcome or disturb the soul that is hid with Christ in God and has made Christ the one object of its life.

## Praying and Doing

It is said of a certain lad, who had listened long to his well-to-do father's prayers for the poor and needy, that after they rose from their knees the boy appeared moody and silent.

"What are you thinking about, my son?" said the father, who probably thought that his prayers were bearing fruit in the boy.

"I was thinking, father, that if I had your corn-bags I would soon answer your prayers!"

Incidents  
What the

## The Found

"I remember with the Found at Northampton. There was a little They smelt in the carriage the missiles all head, and as I mob surging a me, Bramwell, to Northampton these very streets

## The General—"the

the devil. "The light and now and for ever praise Him more. Devil has ravished around us. He away captive. Snares fresh and snatches clutches?"

## Mrs. General B

Night-of-Prayer that

The first hour passed when Mr. and she heartily stating that the Salvation Army than there were the Flag been ctries; while only Flag been lowered—that was in country she ask the Flag might s

## Mrs. Roath at Ne

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Glasgow—"We're

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# Incident and Testimony from the Old Country

## What the Old Country "War Cry" says about the Great National Siege, and the Burning of the Holy Fire over there

## The Founder's Prophecy

"I remember coming to this city with the Founder," said the General at Northampton at a Civic Reception. "There was a great turn-out of the elite! They smashed the Band instruments. They stoned us, and I stood up in the carriage to take on my body the missiles aimed at the General's head, and as I stood there, with the mob surging around us, he said to me, 'Bramwell, you will live to come to Northampton and be welcomed in these very streets!'"

## The General—"Snatch the prey from the devil's clutches."

"The light and power of Jesus are now and for ever the same. Let us praise Him more for ourselves and plead with Him more for others. The Devil has ravished the whole world around us. He carries the multitudes away captive. Shall we not attack him afresh and snatch the prey from his clutches?"

## Mrs. General Booth at Clapton All-

## Night-of-Prayer—"More Soldiers than Ever."

The first hour of the morning had passed when Mrs. Booth again spoke, and she heartened her hearers by stating that there were never more Salvation Army Soldiers in the world than there were to-day; never had the Flag been carried in more countries; while only in one place had that Flag been lowered—for the time being—that was in Russia, and for that country she asked for prayers that the Flag might soon again be unfurled.

## Mrs. Booth at Norwich—"Holiness for everybody."

"Holiness is not for Salvationists only," declared Mrs. Booth, "it is for God's people everywhere."

## Sergt.-Major Softley, Norwich I—"A settled peace for forty years."

Sergeant-Major Softley (Retired), a veteran of fifty-five years' Salvationism, said he had had "settled peace for forty years." When men try to give a precise statement of the essential nature of what is present in their exercise of faith, they often become obscure; but such words as these must carry conviction.

## Glasgow—"We're the boys to do it."

An enthusiastic lad said: "My first point is, the world is upside down; my second point, we must turn it down-side up; and my third point, we are the boys to do it."

## Police send people to The Army at Dundee.

Late-shift Meeting attended, great

WE have taken the following Incidents and Testimonies from the latest copy of the International "War Cry." It will be seen that the Siege Spirit is abroad all over the Old Land. We have taken these cuttings in no set order or style; they are put down just as we read them in a casual glance through the paper. They are too good—too heart-inspiring—not to be passed on. Read them.

"Oh, that in us the Sacred Fire Might now begin to glow."

crowd. As bars emptied the police sent people to Hall. One man told Adjutant would go home for wife. Did so, brought her to Hall and both found the Saviour. Eight surrenders.

## People rushing to the Penitent-Form at Llanelly.

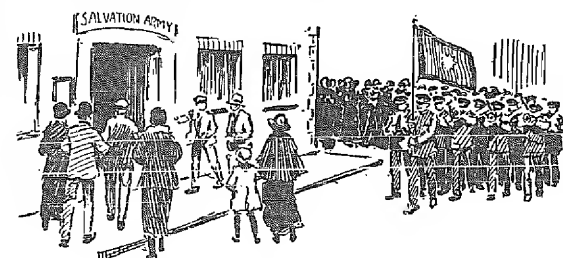
Sunday, all day.—Band, comrades, well to the front. Hall gorged. Hundreds turned away, dozens stand in doorway and down the aisles, and seated on Penitent-Form. Prayer-Meeting; everybody on fire, bursting forth in Welsh and English. People rushing to the Mercy-Seat for Salvation. Mother, daughter, husband, and wife come together. Twenty-one for Salvation—all new cases!

had an order from my leaders to attend a committee meeting, but I went upstairs to my bedside and Jesus told me not to go, so I wrote and said, 'I've done with it for ever.'

"I'm a red man now," he added, "I wear a red guernsey and I follow a red flag. But it has a yellow star in the middle, and a blue border—the meaning of these makes all the difference."

## Leicester I—"Jesus hold me tight."

A man who had knelt at the drum-head and afterwards gave his testimony, at the close raised his hand to Heaven and prayed: "O Jesus, hold me tight."



Many thousands of people, of all classes, come to The Army in this and other lands. Where are YOU coming in?

## From Communism to Salvationism—Wandsworth Citadel—The drunk and "The Star makes all the difference."

The thrilling testimony of a recent Convert at Norwich Citadel. Chosen by the "Reds" to be a "live cell," and to organize disaffection in whatever work he might be engaged upon, Brother Weeks, known locally as "The Red man," told of deliberate disturbance of Salvation Army Open-Airs and the rebuke of the Officers which had led up to his conviction and conversion.

"Yes," he added, "I've had as many as one thousand men following me in this city; but when Candidate Mann was going away to the Training Garrison, Major Kyle led me to God. I

deeply interested in the proceedings,

his dog, and a ride across London.

At a late Open-Air outside a large public-house a tall young man (who led a large bulldog) was spoken to by the Band Secretary and Lt.-Colonel Muirhead. The latter gave him an invitation to kneel at the drum-head, and with tears streaming down his face he knelt there surrounded by praying comrades. His old chums were anxious to get him back into the public-house with them, but Salvationists stuck to their capture and the crowd urged him to stick to The Army. A friend of the Corps who was

hearing that the new Convert lived at Walthamstow, offered to fetch his car and take him home if some Salvationists would go with him. This was accepted, so the capture was seen safely across London by the comrades, who spoke words of counsel with the man's wife and prayed with them and their little family. On their return journey they came across Leyton 11 comrades on a drunkards' raid. The first comrade they spoke to was the Corps Officer, the sister of the Wandsworth Commanding Officer, and she promised to link up the new Convert.

## I.H.Q. Messenger Lad preparing for the Siege.

Lt.-Commissioner Haines told of one of the lads employed at the Head Office of The Army Assurance Society, who had carefully practised eighty-seven times in order to be ready for the fray!

## Starting the Siege with a rolling-pin at Beconree.

The lassie-Captain attracted by crowd gathered around doorway of house. Saw through window drunken man clutching terrified wife by hair, savagely beating her with rolling-pin. Failing to gain entrance through door Captain forced entry through window, heedless crowd's prediction she would be beaten to death.

Snatching rolling-pin from startled fellow Captain began vigorously to "lay it about" him, and this treatment slightly sobering him, ordered him to bed, and with prayer left him.

Following day Captain visited home and led wife-beater to God.

Siege begun and opening attack made with rolling-pin.

## Balaam's Ass at Bradford.

An irate costermonger prodded his donkey into a state of "bronchial hysteria," and the poor little beast nearly lost his voice in trying to drown ours. We then treated the assembled populace to an oration on "Balaam and his ass," much to the discomfort of our poor friend the coster, who evidenced much confusion and shame as we tried to make him and others see the uselessness of fighting against God.

## "The Devil's got the Wind up"—at Nottingham I.

Souls in every Meeting since Siege began at Nottingham I. Thirty-eight captures for weekend. Old and young alike catching Siege spirit. People "sitting up and staring," and the Devil's got the wind up.

## Truthlets

We grow like that which we admire.

Doing nothing, for others is the Undoing of one's self.

Unless Jesus Christ is Lord of all He is not Lord at all.

If there is no good in a thing it is pretty safe to let it alone.

What I spent I had—what I kept I lost—what I gave I have.

Love never asks, how much must I do? but how much can I do?

It is our mission to give the whole Gospel to the whole world.

This is a lost world to be saved, and not simply an ignorant world to be educated.

## Golden Sunshine

Do not keep the shades down, let the sunshine that tints the flowers and paints pictures on the autumn hillside shine into your private dwelling-place. Let the carpet fade, let the drapery become drab, let the Chesterfield look shabby, but do not allow your spirit to become drab and your mind to fade and your face to look shabby for the lack of sunshine that God is ever trying to push into your dwelling.

Do not draw the shades at the windows of your soul and shut out the sunshine of God's love—the sunshine with which He has tinted the ages with flowers of hope and filled history with worship; the sunshine with which He is even now ripening His harvest and putting the gold on the sheaves for the final reaping.

## THE BIBLE AND THE ARMY

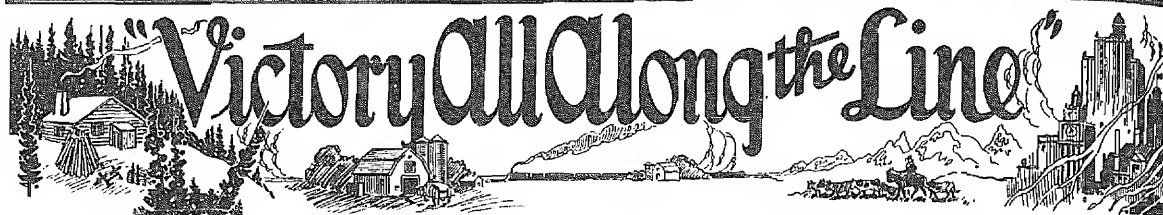
Stirring  
Stories,  
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The  
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## THE ARMY AND THE BIBLE

(See "THE WAR CRY" NEXT WEEK)



## Calgary II on Up-grade

Captain Tobin and Lieut. Donnelly. Under the leadership of our hard-working Officers we have had some good spiritual Meetings. In the few months they have been with us souls have been saved, finances increased and Cartridges increased nearly two hundred per cent.

Sunday last we united in the morning with the Citadel Corps in a Meeting led by our Territorial Commander; at night we were in our own Hall. The feeling was that, owing to the presence of the Commander in the city, the attendance at Calgary II would be smaller than ordinarily. Contrary to expectation, however, this was not so, the numbers, both at the Open-Air and Salvation Meetings being well up to the average. The Captain's subject was the Crucifixion of our Lord.

In the Prayer-Meeting an ex-Bandman, who has been a backslider for two years, returned to the Fold, and said he would place one again in the Band. His return brought great joy to his mother, who has been anxious to train her children to love and serve the Saviour. Four of her family are Junior Soldiers, and are turning out to be real Salvationists. Another family, although already happy in God's service, felt to come and be one with us. The daughter is taking her stand in the Open-Air Meetings, and we hope that her parents will soon be standing there with her. This evidence of God's power goes to show that life is with us. Hallelujah!—E.V.S.

## SHERBROOKE ST.

Adjutant and Mrs. McCaughy. The Holiness Meeting on a recent Sunday was led by Adjutant Fletcher, and her address was a means of much blessing to the Soldiers and friends who were able to get out for the Meeting. Adjutant McCaughy was in charge at night, and her address was "The Kingdom is departed from thee." Her address was interesting and convincing; she emphasized the lesson to be learned from the bad example set by King Nebuchadnezzar in not hearkening to the voice of God, although he was given twelve months in which to do so. The Adjutant warned all present that "God is not mocked," and urged all to let this thought sink deep into their hearts. He said, "No matter how low you are, no matter how far you are from God, He will make you overcome. One seeker came forward for Salvation at the conclusion of a hard-fought Prayer-Meeting. Praise God!

During the Meeting Adjutant McCaughy presented Bandman Charles Weir with his Commission as Deputy-Bandmaster, and requested all the Bandmen to stand by their young leader. We are resolved to do so!

Since our last report the Home League Sale of Work has been held, and we believe this was a huge success. The Sale was opened by Mrs. Commissioner Rich.

Our energetic Y.P.S.M. Brother Keith, has commenced a series of Friday night lantern lectures for the Young People and from all accounts these are proving highly successful. All are cordially invited to these entertainments which bring the object in view of blessing and helping all who attend.—A.E. May.

In the Salvation Meeting we were glad to see Brigadier Park, who gave a helpful testimony, and also Captain Leabrother.

## SWIFT CURRENT

Captain and Mrs. Smith. We are glad to be able to report victory in Swift Current. Last weekend God blessed our efforts, and a large crowd stood and listened to the Open-Air on Saturday night despite the cold weather and the Prairie Meeting following was a means of blessing to our souls.

The address given by Mrs. Captain Smith in the Sunday Holiness Meeting was an inspiration and blessing to the Soldiers and friends gathered. In the afternoon, the Band played to the patients of the General Hospital. At night there was a good rally to the Open-Air and the Captain's message was delivered with power. Mrs. Captain Smith sang, "The Old Rugged Cross," and in the Prayer-Meeting three seekers made their way to the Holy Seat and found the Saviour. Hallelujah!—J.K.

## SUNNY VALLEY

Envoy and Mrs. Hunt. Brigadier Gosling led our Harvest Festival Service on Sunday, November 12; a good crowd of friends attended the Meeting, and God's Spirit was felt in our midst. We pray and believe that some souls will be saved through our humble efforts. On the Monday evening we held our first Harvest Festival Sale, when the sum of \$34.50 was realized. For this we praise God, and believe that this small effort is but the forerunner of much larger endeavors. The night was very stormy, and many were unable to present, and those who were had a hard time. Our Home League is still thriving, and helped splendidly with this special effort.—L.R.H.

## CALGARY CITADEL

Adjutant and Mrs. Junker. Ensign Loughon was with us all last Sunday, and took part in the various Meetings. At night the Ensign spoke, right from the shoulder, to an interested audience which practically filled the Citadel; his talk was not in vain, for three seekers came forward in the Prayer-Meeting, which was led by Brother J. Robinson. Ensign Loughon received a warm welcome back to the home Corps. The Meetings here are being well-attended, and great times are being experienced.—Observer.

## A Forward Move at Ft. William

Captain and Mrs. King. There are signs of an awakening here at the Lakehead. The Saturday following Congress weekend we had a Half-night of Prayer, at which twenty-three Comrades were present; when we broke up at 12.15 a.m. there were many who asked when the next Meeting of a similar nature would be held. Surely this is a good sign!

On a recent Sunday we were glad to have Brother and Sister McBeth of Weston with us; their testimonies were enjoyed, and were a means of blessing to us. On this occasion there were seventeen Soldiers at the Sunday night Open-Air; a good sign, considering the cold weather. Our Sunday attendance generally are increasing, last Sunday's being the best yet.

On Sunday, November 23, we had Field-Major and Mrs. Weir with us, accompanied by Corps Cadet Janet, a young Comrade who is full of Holy Salvationism. At the Prayer Meeting three Recruits were enrolled as Soldiers. One man had been a Soldier many years ago, in the time of Ensign Hayes, (Staff-Captain Hayes, as she came to be, was drowned in the "Empress" disaster). The other two Comrades were young women. We wish there had been thirty instead of three, but as was often quoted to us in Training Garrison days: "The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small. Lord, give us more speed in this war!"

## CORPS CADET DAY AT FT. ROUGE

Captain and Mrs. Cormack. Corps Cadet Sunday coincided with the re-opening of our old Hall, or as the Soldiers prefer to designate it, our "new" Hall. For three years our Meetings have been held in an old theatre, but with the united efforts of the Soldiers the Hall on Osborne Street which has been closed so long, has been made into a pleasant and comfortable miniature citadel. To some of the old Soldiers it was almost like coming "home." Following a rousing Open-Air and march (in spite of the cold weather), the Corps Cadet, under Corps Cadet Guardian D. Joy, led

## Everybody Must Read "The Deliberations of Daniel Dore"

—See page 10

The Meeting on Saturday night. The Young People did splendidly, speaking, singing, reading the Bible, and reciting, in a very efficient manner. A number of Corps Cadets spoke on familiar addresses, these rather novel "texts" causing much interest.

The good-blessed little Knevel, led by Corps Cadet Rose Peacock, was the first Meeting of the Sunday, and those who attended were strengthened by the Spirit of God. Prior to the Holiness Meeting the Soldiers, Young People, Guards and Chums in full uniform, and the Band met at the old Hall, and sang a short service. The service was followed by a march to the new Hall where a halloved time was spent in the Holiness Meeting. The singing exercises were led by C.E. Margery Joy, and Corps Cadet Hitchcock and Peacock, who gave short talks on one of the "Questions of Jesus," this being the topic of the Meeting. Candidate Easton gave a very helpful address, his text being "Could ye not watch for one hour?"

The Corps Cadets all kept up to the top note for the Salvation Meeting, which resulted in three young girls at the Penitent-Form. The main thought of the Meeting was "Christ, the Good Shepherd," and all the songs, Bible-readings, and talks by the Corps Cadets had bearing on this subject. A recitation, "The Ninety and Nine," by C.C. Joy, a solo by C.E. Shirley Peacock, and a duet by Corps Cadets Easton and Hitchcock added to the influence of the Meeting. Corps Cadets Peacock, Easton and Joy were the principal speakers of the evening their words on "The Seeking Shepherd," the "Rejoicing Shepherd," and the "Foot of the Sheep" being very enlightening. An interesting visitor for the afternoon and evening Meetings was Cadet Nelda Hicks, who last Corps Cadet Sunday was with us as a Corps Cadet and her words were very helpful. Messages were also read from Cadets Bert and Wesley Joy who were also in our Brigade last year. The Corps Cadet Guards spoke on "The Viper of the Shepherd," after which a soul-satisfying Prayer-Meeting was conducted by Captain Cormack, this concluding with a Salvation service. The Corps Cadet Brigade now numbers seventeen, eight new members having been recently accepted.

## LLOYDMINSTER

Captain Ennis and Lieut. Townsend. Although not much has been heard from this Corps lately we are still on the map, and better still, in the light for God and souls. Our Officers returned from the Congress Meetings filled with the fire of the Holy Spirit, and we are looking forward to great things, in fact, are experiencing them already. We praise God for one volunteer at our Sunday morning Holiness Meeting. In the evening Meeting the little daughter of Brother and Sister Fletcher was dedicated to God and the Army. Several were under conviction in this gathering.—Interested.

Our Scout Troop is going ahead splendidly. Fourteen boys have been enrolled; they have full uniforms, full paid for, and there are sixteen recruits. We are now commencing second-class work. Dr. McCulloch, International Vice-President of the Rotarians, has presented the Troop with a Union Jack, and also a donation. He remarked that in his opinion Scouting is the best movement of all boy's organizations.

A Chum Brigade is also being commenced, and the younger boys are out to beat their big brothers. There is no end to our opportunities here for work among young people.

Plans are formed for the conducting of a monthly Half-night of Prayer during the winter months. Our first weekly Y.F. Meeting took place last week. A surprising amount of talent was displayed, and we hope that the Training Garrison will benefit much in the years to come.

Friday nights we held specially-advised Holiness Meetings, in which we are trying to carry out some of the valuable lessons learned at those never-to-be-forgotten Holiness Meetings held in Winnipeg last winter.

Mrs. Captain King is leading the Corps Cadet Brigade on to victory. There are now nine members; these young people are anxiously awaiting Corps Cadet Sunday when they anxiously to the great things for God. Novice.

## CORPS CADET DAY AT ST. JAMES

Five Seekers Result from Splendid

Ensign and Mrs. Ede. Another Corps Cadet Sunday has come and gone, and we can really say it was the "best yet," and that God was truly with us. Under the leadership of our Corps Cadet Guardian, Mrs. Captain Watt the Meetings resulted in much blessing, and, best of all, five seekers at the Mercy-Seat.

Several Corps Cadets spoke in the Meetings some giving short addresses, and others their personal testimonies. Corps Cadet Davies led the

testimonies in the Holiness Meeting, Corps Cadet Hatch read the Scripture portion, and Mrs. Watt spoke on "Fellowship." The united Brigade sang helpfully and sweetly in the morning. "Guide me Oh Thou great Jehovah" and also at night.

In the Salvation Meeting Corps Cadet Haines read the Scripture, and Corps Cadets Sacey, Davies and Hatch took part. Mrs. Watt gave a convincing Salvation address, dealing faithfully with the scriptures, and the Corps Cadets Sacey and Hatch alternately led the Prayer-Meeting which resulted in no glorious a victory. Of the five seekers, three were from the Corps Cadet Brigade, and one a man who had never been in our Hall before. It is interesting to know that during the Holiness Meeting only one seeker knelt at the Penitent-Form. During the wind-up, which followed, however, the other four were so affected that they were compelled to surrender, and the Prayer-Meeting re-commenced.—Brigade Correspondent.

## MISSIONARY OFFICERS

### AT WESTON

Stirring Meetings Results in Three Souls Captain Nyreod and Lieut. Hamilton. On Sunday last we were privileged in having with us Captain and Mrs. Sullivan, who were on the eve of their departure for foreign service. The Holiness Meeting was led by the Captain, and he could say, as did the disciples of old, "Did not our hearts burn within us?" As the Captain spoke on the great subject of Holiness we were uplifted and blessed.

At night we came up full of faith, and we had an inspiring Meeting. The opening exercises were led by Mrs. Captain Sullivan, Lieutenant Hamilton led a period of testimonies, and Captain Sullivan gave a convincing address, his text being, "What think ye of Christ?" God came very near and rewarded our faith with three souls—two adults and one young person. We finished with a Hallelujah song, and joyfully praised God for victory won.

We would like to say that, through the interest of Captain and Mrs. Sullivan, our hard-working Y.F.S.M. we have started a Dorcas Brigade to do sewing for the relief of the poor and needy of Weston and Brooklands.—V.B.

## BRANDON

Adjutant White and Captain Williamson. We are glad to report the surrender of the Corps Cadet Brigade, which was the result of the total of surrenders since the arrival of our new Officers, up to six. We are feeling that under the command of Adjutant White and Captain Williamson we are going to win glorious victories.—C.C.

## Victoria News

Commandant and Mrs. H. Jones. We are pleased to report that Mrs. Commandant Jones is convalescing at the Quarters, and will soon be able to come to the Citadel. Both she and the Commandant are grateful for the kindly interest taken by many friends and Comrades during her illness.

The Young People's Singing Brigade, under the leadership of Sister Mrs. Shingles, gave a Demonstration on Thursday night which was splendidly rendered. Included was a Service of Song, titled "The Golden City," which showed very clearly the only way in which entrance may be made to Heaven and its joys.

Two sisters have sought God at the Penitent-Form, and it is our heart's desire that more may be brought into the fold.

Commandant and Mrs. Fullerton led the Meetings on Thanksgiving Sunday, Mrs. Major Smith assisting, and Comrades of the Social Staff taking part. In the afternoon the Citadel Band played on the Armistice parade.

On Thursday night the Sunbeam Brigade of "Royal Daughters" led the Meeting under Sunbeam Leader L. McLaughlin, Asst.-Leader M. Ealing, and Instructor A. Egan, all doing their part splendidly. Their program was illustrative of the useful and necessary work all Sunbeams do, and a good crowd turned in to hear this very-body ought to love Jesus," was their closing chorus. If they only would, what a different world we should live in!

Bandman and Mrs. Green have gone to the States. The trombone section of the Band is again depleted, and the Songster Brigade will miss Mrs. Green, who, from a small Junior Soldier, has willingly sung in the Open-Air and inside Meetings. Her present home is in Seattle, Washington.—A.E.

## REGINA NORTHSIDE

Ensign and Mrs. Hammond. On a recent Sunday evening the Band and Songsters gave a programme of Salvation music and song over the radio. Several Band Selections were given, and the Songsters took an active part, both contributing to the balm of Bandman Sister Vincent, Captain Moulden, "Sinner, look at drilling," and Sister Anderson sang "Saviour, teach me to pray." Both of these were beautifully rendered. Ensign Hammond gave a stirring address, his text being, "Today, if ye will best his word." The Band and Songsters sang together "Ringing," thus bringing a helpful service to a close. Already many words of appreciation have been received with regard to this event, and we feel that the service was enjoyed by those who listened in.

The usual Corps Meetings were again well-attended, both morning and evening. Bandman and Mrs. Vincent, farewell for one Jes. where our Comrade has a government appointment. The Bandmaster spoke in the Salvation Meeting, saying that he was glad God had led him into the work in the wide Corps. His role worthy that during our Comrade's stay in the Corps a Band and Songster Brigade have been formed. Mrs. Vincent also spoke and said she had been blessed by her stay among us; she said that there was a true spirit of fellowship with us. She pleaded for volunteers to take the places of herself and her husband.—B. B. Varty.

## VERNON

Captain Buckler, Mr. Merritt, Mack. Vernon has been favored with "Specials" lately in the persons of Brigadier Layman and Captain Newbury. Brigadier Layman, a veteran of the war, and we were all blessed as a result of his visit. Captain Newbury, commander of the 29th Anniversary service, conducted a most interesting service, which was very edifying. On the Monday night the Band, and a number of Soldiers rendered a musical programme. Brothers Harwood and Hal were present in the capacities of soprano and soloist respectively. These veteran Comrades were responsible for the coming of The Army to Vernon, and helped in no small way in the building of our present Hall. How the faces of our old Soldiers show as Brother Hall played his piano and sang, and as Brother Harwood told of the early days. Long may our veterans live, and may we, the younger generation, be worthy to follow in their footsteps.

On the Wednesday we had a Soldiers' Tea, followed by a meeting, in which the Captain spoke to the Soldiers on the text, "Where there is no vision the people perish." Hallelujah!

## MOOSE JAW

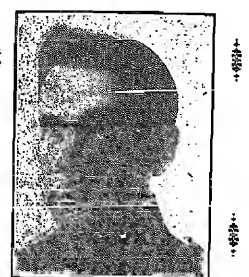
Adjutant and Mrs. Merritt. Corps Cadet Sunday was ushered in in fine style at Moose Jaw last Sunday morning, when we had a splendid Meeting. This was followed by a rousing afternoon session led by the Y.F. Band under the capable leadership of Deputy-Bandmaster C. Hill. The boys excelled in every way, and sang after the conclusion of the service. At night we were in the midst of a real Free and Easy, and only Salvationists can really enjoy and appreciate the Salvation Meetings. The Mercy-Seat was a march was led by the Corps Cadet Guardian, the direction of Corps Cadet Guardian Fletcher, number of Corps Cadets took part, and the Corps Cadet Guardian gave a helpful talk. The Songsters sang sweetly "Behold the Blood of Jesus," followed by a fitting recitation by the Senior Band, "Mercy-Seat." Adjutant Merritt's address, based on "The Rock of Ages" was masterly, and resulted in two seekers at the Penitent-Form. In the afternoon the Songsters gave a varied program at the Moose Jaw General Hospital, being enthusiastically received by the patients. Among the items were duets by the Sisters Mitchell and Kideout, and Bandman R. Ross, and Sister P. Fletcher, and a solo by Sister Fletcher.—Ret.

## Vernon Band on Tour

Truly it could be said of us, "We are seven," as we left our Hall on Sunday morning, November 20. Through the tall timbers we drove to Salmon Bench, twenty-five miles away, and by 11:15 we were in the midst of a real Salvation Army Meeting. Vocal and instrumental numbers, and ringing testimonies, filled up a pleasant hour. One sister stated after the Meeting that the last time she had heard The Army was in the Shetland Isles, some twenty-five years ago! "Tell it not in Gath," ye of the prairies, but when we left the schoolhouse where the Meeting had been held it was raining!

At 3 p.m. we gave a musical programme in the schoolhouse at Heywood's Corner, and what a time we had! Such choruses as "Walking with God," and "He loves everybody," went with a swing, but when "I love Him better every day," we started the people could not refrain from clapping their hands in true Army style. Talk about "music with a message!" Our friends had it that time; every item had a message in it. The Captain gave an inspiring address in closing.

During the day we came in contact with three families who had at one time been Salvationists. Not only were we able to bless the people with whom we came in contact, but we in turn were blessed. We arrived in Vernon just in time for our evening Open-Air Meeting. Lieutenant Mack having led the Band during the absence of the Band. This little combination is coming along very well under the leadership of Captain Buckley.



BRIGADIER SMITH.

## The Trade Secretary makes some suggestions

WE have just received a supply of splendid Gramophone Records from London. Two marches by the International Staff Band—"Liberator" and "Flag of Freedom." Magnificent. Get one before they are all gone—you can't after.

Numerous enquiries have been made about the "Scout and Guard Diary for 1928." These are now to hand. A mine of information for all Scout and Guard workers. Pencil supplied in hinge of cover. Lay in a stock for your L. S. people.

Celluloid or Silk Book-marks. An ideal Christmas and all the year reminder. Still the thing for Company Guards to give their Juniors for Christmas.

Speaking of Christmas—who not a nice wall motto? More beautiful every year—a splendid selection. Also oval mottoes for desk or table. "Our God is able." "God is our Hope," etc., etc.

Have you seen our list of new Books? If not, be sure and send for one. We are quick to oblige.

Now is the time to subscribe for over 300 Army magazines. "Scout and Guard," "The Warrior," "Bandman and Songster," "All the World." Come along to know The Army.

The new Primary Manuals are now in stock. Printed to take in three years' studies.

Officers and Soldiers bonnets; all sizes, and prices to suit all requirements.

It takes a great deal of heroism to live up to good resolutions, but the results are worth the effort.

You might as well try to cure smallpox by scenery, as to try to save the world by improvements of environment. C



Next week's issue will contain much valuable and interesting matter on this important subject.

# THE WAR CRY

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General—Bramwell Booth  
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Printed for the Salvation Army in Canada  
West by The Farmer's Advocate, of Winnipeg,  
Limited, corner Notre Dame and Laurier  
Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

## Official Gazette

(By Authority of the General)

### PROMOTION—

To be Commissioner:

**COLONEL CATHERINE BOOTH,**  
Leader of the Women's Social Work  
in the United Kingdom.

**EDWARD J. HIGGINS,**  
Chief of the Staff.

## A Message from the Chief to The Army in Canada West

*Be desperate! Desperate in  
your prayer, your public  
speaking, in all your work  
for God. Yours believingly  
Edw. J. Higgins*

## THE COMMISSIONER

The special report of the Commis-  
sioner's weekend at Medicine Hat  
(See page 7) is a splendid indication  
of the adventuring spirit which is  
abroad in our midst; a refusal to act  
upon ordinary lines but to do the  
unusual, as for instance the torch-  
light reception. Light and glory are  
not far apart.

The Commissioner is continuing his  
tour in Alberta. He was at Lethbridge  
on Tuesday, at Coleman on Wednes-  
day, Maelod on Thursday, Calgary  
on Friday, and we look for encourag-  
ing reports from all these five old  
Corps. Drumheller is also in our  
Leader's itinerary for the week-end,  
and our energetic correspondent there  
may be depended upon for a specially  
descriptive report.

## COLONEL COOMBS

"And when He saw their faith."

It is with extreme gratitude to God  
that we hear of an improvement in  
the condition of Colonel Coombs. He  
is still very ill, but the doctors' re-  
ports are distinctly encouraging. This  
is surely an answer to prayer; let us  
continue to remember in faith our  
dear brother and Mrs. Coombs.

The Colonel has been greatly  
cheered by the very many kind let-  
ters he has received. Especially has  
he been upheld by affectionate mes-  
sages from the General and Mrs.  
Booth, Commissioner Mapp, and our  
own Commissioner.

Mrs. Coombs and Mrs. Adjutant  
Putt are also greatly touched by these  
thoughtful remembrances, and by the  
knowledge of the prayers of so many  
comrades, and ask that all may be  
assured of their deep appreciation of  
these things.

## The General's Weekly Interview



## Called: A Soul-Appealing Message

The Loving Call of  
God and The Army  
to All Wanderers,  
which the General  
asks Every Comrade  
to Pass on for Him

"A WEEK of good news!" the General  
was saying—and his infectious  
optimism accorded well with the crisp  
brightness of the November morning.  
Nor was it the less noticeable because of  
the fact that whilst he spoke he was him-  
self sandwiched between an exhausting  
journey to Glasgow and back, for the  
All-Night of Prayer there, and last-hour  
preparations for rapid weekend Cam-  
paigns at Northampton and Coventry.

"Yes, we have had a week of good news.  
Things are still very mixed and very  
difficult in China, it is true, but amidst  
it all—and indeed in spite of it all—soul-  
saving is going on. The intelligence from  
some parts of India is excellent—there is  
advance along the whole line. South  
Africa has given Commissioner and Mrs.  
de Groot a right royal start. They are  
terribly short of money, but even that—  
miserable as it always is—looks less  
serious when the people are getting con-  
verted! Among other parts of the world  
where there are signs of a rising tide of  
Salvation may be mentioned the southern  
part of the United States, New Zealand,  
Canada East, Germany, where I hope  
to be next week, and the new infant  
causes in Hungary and Latvia."

"All-Night" Cries Answered

"This is a stimulating prelude, General,  
to the great effort in the Old Country. How  
do you regard the prospects here?"

"The Siege has started well, and so  
far as I can judge, is already making a  
profound impression upon large parts of  
the population. In many cases, the Lord  
has answered the cries of the All-Nights  
even before they were uttered! People  
under conviction have been coming to  
the Halls in the daytime and pleading with  
God for mercy on the spot. The All-Night  
of Prayer in Glasgow, with the historic  
City Hall nearly filled the whole night  
through, offered a spectacle such as can  
scarcely ever have been seen in Scotland  
before. Can I ever forget the singing, the  
prayer-songs, or the individual wrestling  
with God? The 'Night' so refreshed me,  
that I think I could have gone on, sup-  
ported by the same holy influences, all  
day as well!"—and the General uttered a  
resounding "Hallelujah!"

"You indicated last week, General, that  
you had something further to say with  
respect to the wanderers from God and  
The Army."

"That is so. I have been much in  
thought about them—and especially I  
have been thinking about their difficul-  
ties." The General's face, like his voice,  
had become grave on the instant. He  
was all concern as he exclaimed, "What a  
sorrow the life of such a wanderer is—  
it is a calamity, it is a surrender! All  
the old, precious experiences of holy  
things are over; the happy communion  
with the saints, the fearless witnessing  
for Jesus, the stirring enterprises and the  
venturesome fights with the contending  
foe and the thrilling triumphs for the  
Cross are past and return no more!"

"Thinking of all this I have, too, been  
led to the reflection that many of them  
set a high example while they lived in  
God's will and favor. We must not  
forget that. They were a credit to us and  
an honor to the Saviour who bought  
them with His Blood. And notwithstanding  
that they are now so far off, and so  
difficult, it is well for us to recall the good

they once did and the brave fight they  
once fought."

"And even today many of them are  
worthy of our esteem, are they not?"

"Yes, although in the wilderness, they  
have much in common with us who are  
in the ranks. They still believe in the  
divinity of our glorious Gospel; they  
still believe in The Army; they still  
believe that God loves sinners; they still  
have an affection for many of their  
former comrades, and the mention of  
"the old Corps which brought them to the  
fold" often brings tears to their eyes.  
Some whom I know personally, and  
others whom I know by repute, are  
precious to us as monuments of what God  
had done and proofs even yet of what He  
can do."

"Remember, I say, their fight in days  
gone by—how bold, how true, they were,  
some struggling against their own flesh  
and blood, others against persecution  
from without, not a few suffering even  
unto wounds and imprisonments for  
Christ. My heart is moved whilst I am  
talking to you!" added the General,  
pathetically. "Many sad faces come up  
before me—some the faces of those for  
whom I would give half a dozen weak-  
lings any day!"

"And may I inquire about the prac-  
tical conclusions you have come to for  
helping them?"

"Well, I have been searching in my  
own heart asking questions about these  
wandering sheep which apply to the  
whole Army: Have we really sought  
them? Have we succoured them? Have  
we rallied to the side of the oppressed  
and overwhelmed? Have we, in the  
name of Jesus, bidden the captives of  
the world, the flesh, and the Devil to  
go free? Have we tried to open for them  
the gates of brass? Have we really  
looked into the horrid evils that over-  
come them and measured the sword of  
the enemy? Have we seen the huge waves  
of stormy trial that swept them off the  
Rock? It seems to me only right that  
we should ponder all this a little more  
thoughtfully. And then, surely—Oh, my  
God, surely!—this will make us pray for  
them, and seek them, and in Christ's  
stead beseech them and bring them  
home! Manifestly the General's soul  
was deeply stirred, and he paused ere he  
continued:

"Much of the difficulty experienced by  
these wanderers in coming back arises  
from the unhappy fact that their back-  
slidings has reduced their powers for  
goodness. When men get into the way  
of doubting God, and give up prayer, and  
lose their hold on the Unseen, they lose  
also the ability to believe Him and take  
hold of Him. Those who do not pray,  
soon come to feel they cannot pray; those  
who do not resist evil, quickly lose  
the power to resist. Thus the God-  
forsakers gradually lapse into the con-  
dition of flossam and jetsam carried this  
way and that by the tides of selfishness  
or impurity or unbelief that surge around  
them."

"But"—this in a tone of immense  
relief—"they can be restored! Let us set  
forth at this favoring hour with that as  
our great and guiding thought. Salva-  
tion means restoration. It is a gracious  
work—it is God's work—but in that work  
we have a part to play. In order to carry  
it out, let me note a little more in detail

(Continued on page 9)

## Our New Commissioner

The Founder's Eldest Granddaughter  
First of the Third Generation  
to Attain that Rank

WE have much pleasure in announc-  
ing that the General has pro-  
moted Colonel Catherine Booth to the  
rank of Commissioner.

This will afford genuine satisfac-  
tion not only to those Officers and  
other comrades who fight under her  
direction in the Women's Social Work  
of the United Kingdom, of which she  
is the honored leader, but to Salva-  
tionists in every branch of the service  
the world over.

For a long period laid aside by a  
trying and serious illness, and with  
great uncertainty in the minds both  
of her parents and the doctors as to



Commissioner Catherine Booth.

which way her sickness would go, it  
came as a relief to all who knew her,  
nearly a couple of years ago, to learn  
that her health was so far restored  
as to make it possible for her to take  
up the very onerous duties attached  
to the position to which the General  
appointed her—a position which time  
has already proved her to be eminently  
fitted to hold.

### Held in Affectionate Remembrance

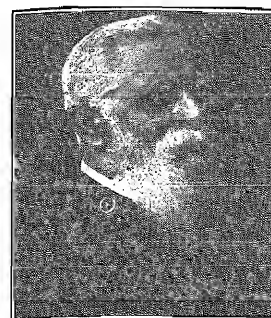
The eldest of the Founder's grand-  
children, the eldest of the General's  
children, and the first of the third  
generation of Booths to attain her  
new rank, Commissioner Catherine,  
since becoming an Officer, has gained  
valuable experience on the Field, in  
the Training of Cadets—some of  
whom will ever retain an affectionate  
remembrance of her interest in them  
in the life and work of the Garrison—  
as an International Under Secretary,  
and later as International Secretary  
at International Headquarters for the  
European Territories.

The Commissioner's present ap-  
pointment is in itself a fact of some  
significance, in the responsibilities  
which it carries with it for the direc-  
tion of those valued and fast-increas-  
ing departments of work for and  
amongst women in the establishment  
and conducting of which her mother  
played so important and devoted a  
part.

Every Salvationist will earnestly  
pray "God bless Commissioner  
Catherine!"

And none will join more heartily in  
these prayerful expressions than  
Army Comrades in Canada West, es-  
pecially those who know her best.  
Come over and see us, say we.

Comrades of the Musical  
Fraternity will excuse us  
this week for the omission  
of their page owing to the  
number of reports from the  
Field.



A DISTINGUISHED looking figure  
and an engaging personality were  
removed from the ranks of The Army  
on earth in 1907, when Commissioner  
Higgins the Elder, father of our present  
Chief-of-the-Staff was promoted to General.  
The call came with tragic suddenness  
—it that be the correct way to speak  
the translation of a warrior of God. It  
was, at the time, the Commissioner's  
charge of Scotland; full of plans for mu-  
tationism in that realm of active Salva-  
tionism.

On retiring to his room at night, he  
had remarked to an Officer Comrade of  
his well known habit of "tidying up each  
night." Indeed he did so not only in  
spiritual sense, as those who remember  
him best would well know, but in the  
manner even in which he arranged his  
day clothes, and tidied up his account  
and his diary of the past day.

The next morning revealed this so well  
The same Officer, going to the old war-  
rior's room, and getting no response to  
her calls, entered but to find a well order-  
apartment, and the form of the old saint  
still in death. "Tidied up" indeed.

Such is the passing of those who cheer-  
fully spend their days in the service of  
God, and face calmly, and await serene-  
—tidily—the ever expected home call.

We may be allowed a phrase of Arm-  
affection when we say that "old Com-  
missioner Higgins was a splendid old  
man." He was that indeed. Tall and  
stately, as we remember him in our boy-  
ish days; the first "Staff Officer" from  
London that we had ever seen. Rugged yet  
gentle of countenance; more than  
paternal in his manner to all; and eloquent  
beyond the average of those days. How  
we used to look forward to his visits to  
our Corps, and in the after years of our  
Officership, how we valued his gracious  
kind counsel.

### Victorious Uncertainty

Commissioner Higgins came into The  
Army service in the days when obloquy  
and scorn were our daily portion; from  
a comfortable business assurance he  
stepped to the side of the Founder on a  
path of victorious uncertainty, and, as  
so many others did, on to a highway of  
world-wide usefulness in the Heavenly  
service. Thousands were the miles he  
travelled on the financial affairs of The  
Army; and in public and private his  
eloquent appeals won an answering sup-  
port. Up and down, up and down, the  
Old Lands over and over again. Time  
of financial distress, so it seemed to us  
found him unperturbed in his great faith  
in God and love for The Army and our  
Founder.

### To Wider Service

Then the call to wider service, and in  
many lands he became known as one of  
our stalwarts. There are those in Can-  
ada, the States, Africa, Australasia, and

A Study in Juxtaposition  
Joyful Service for God vs. Sorrowful  
Service in the World Demonstrated  
at Winnipeg Citadel!

"I am just out of the Penitentiary;  
after serving three years, and I mean  
to go straight, hand-in-hand with God  
from now on."

"I was a Bandsman for many years  
in the Old Land, but I have wandered  
away from God's care and keeping  
for some years now. When my brother  
dealt with me about my soul tonight  
I remembered the trust I made with



## New Commissioner

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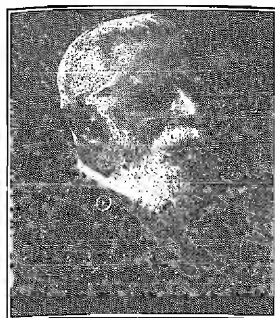
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Then the call to wider service, and in many lands he became known as one of our stalwarts. There are those in Canada, the States, Africa, Australasia, and

## A Study in Juxtaposition

### Joyful Service for God vs. Sorrowful Service in the World Demonstrated at Winnipeg Citadel

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in many European countries whose confidence in Army affairs was steady by contact with this Pillar of our Cause. Many who speak with glad memory of their association with him.

India claimed his service through some years. It was a brave thing he did at his time of life to answer the call of the General towards that great Eastern Empire. Indian Officers speak with pride of the winning graciousness that he brought to his position as the Resident Indian Commissioner. His kindly thoughtfulness for all—Indian and Western alike. Clad in his flowing red coat and be-turbanned he became a familiar figure in many important and in many humble places, and as the "Durra Sahib" he is

remembered throughout our ranks in the Dependency with grateful affection.

Following those Indian days came the command of Scotland—we write merely from our own recollection and with no official records in our memory. The joy of our Scottish Comrades under such a leader was great indeed. And then came the night and morning which flashed across our thoughts when we sat down to write this sketch.

## A Sainted Veteran

Well do we remember when the City of London stayed its noonday rush to allow of the Commissioner's passing to his grave in Abney Park; the eloquently uttered tribute paid to the sainted veteran

## THE COMMISSIONER at Medicine Hat

### Stirring Campaign—Unusual Tactics

Just as we go to Press, we hear of the successful weekend which the Commissioner has spent with the Corps at Medicine Hat; and from which we gather that a great march forward is being made by The Army in that famous centre.—Ed.

**W**HEN the Commissioner stepped from the train on Saturday evening he was received by an enthusiastic crowd, and by a torch-light procession of Young People, who escorted him to the Hat; naturally arousing the interest and attention of the numerous bystanders and citizens. Upon arrival at the Citadel our Leader charged the happy crowd with hopeful words for the fight of the morrow.

The Sunday Meetings were marked indelibly by the Hand of God; we felt His presence "more abundantly." This was especially so in the Holiness Meeting, when four Comrades were moved by His Holy Spirit towards higher things and publicly thus consecrated themselves.

Those who have heard the Commissioner lecture will understand what a choice treat the afternoon Meeting would be. We were privileged in the chairmanship of Mr. A. F. Andrews, an old-timer and a greatly respected citizen of The Hat. A splendid crowd of influential folk supported our good friend. This demonstration and lecture cannot but result in added good to the local work of The Army.

At night we had a full house. The Commissioner's stirring messages fell on well prepared hearts, and brought encouragement and conviction to many gathered with us; we were compelled to give glory for the seekers who responded.

On Monday, after a meeting with the Kiwanis Club, our Leader drove seven miles through a prairie blizzard to conduct a Meeting at Redcliffe, the Outpost, where a fine crowd gathered, in spite of the inclement weather.

Back again to Medicine Hat—through the same blizzard and biting cold—for a Soldiers' Tea and Meeting; a season of comradely inspiration such as those in which the Commissioner excels. And then the illustrated lecture. This Meeting did not pass as the pictures faded across the screen, but again and again our Leader pressed the claims of God upon the crowd. Many were the words of appreciation, but most pleasing to us were the words of determination to make a more desperate attack on the strongholds of evil.

The weekend—the long looked-for weekend—has passed away as an event, but not as an inspiration. Keep your eye upon "The Hat". "Greater things than these" may well be our prophecy of the immediate future.—Adj. T. Mundy.

my wife on her deathbed, and have come back to endeavor to prepare to meet her in Heaven."

"Eleven weeks ago I suffered a serious accident, and had to have my arm amputated at the shoulder, but although maimed in body I believe God can cleanse my sins and heal my soul." (This from a sixteen-year-old boy.)

"Two years ago I turned my back on God, but never once, during that time, has He left off striving with me, and tonight I have been forgiven all, and mean to stick to Him."

The above are just some of the disturbing things the Devil heard at the close of Sunday's Meetings at Winnipeg Citadel, when a large body of Soldiers and Officers were found rejoicing and thoroughly enjoying themselves in so doing over six seekers for Salvation.

The Meetings during the day were in charge of Brigadier and Mrs. Carter, a Brigade of Cadets, and the Citadel Brigade of Corps Cadets. "The help I have received from Corps Cadetship" was the theme used by several Cadets during the day, when

by our then Chief-of-the-Staff, our present General, in the great Congress Hall. We think again of the filial expressions uttered by the grave-side that day by the son, now our Chief-of-the-Staff, and who is coming so soon into our midst here in Canada West.

My Comrades, such was the first Commissioner Higgins, and is it any wonder that the son of the beloved old stalwart is the centre of so much Army affection; that he is regarded as one of the great men of our ranks; that his loyalty to our General and to The Army is world-known; and that all who know him and hear of his coming say—Hail to the Chief!

But we forbear, staying only to say as we look again on the photo of the promoted old warrior, the first Commissioner Higgins—"Let us now praise famous men."



MRS. COMMISSIONER

E. J. HIGGINS

**E**NTERED ARMY SERVICE from the beautiful little town and Corps of Penarth, in South Wales, and is well remembered in many parts of Britain for her service as Captain Cassie Price; in those years when the women Officers of The Army were making conquests for the Kingdom and blazing the trail for their sisters and daughters of these days.

In the days of the Chief-of-the-Staff's service in the United States she ably filled the position of Women's Social Secretary, and afterwards did much to place on its present splendid footing the Home League of The Army in Great Britain—she was the National Home League Secretary for a number of years.

She has visited in Army service the U.S.A., several countries of South America, Canada, China, Japan, and Korea, and many European countries. For several years she has been in charge of the War Graves Visitation Department at I.H.Q., a work which has brought much joy to sorrowing hearts.

We are glad to know she is coming to Canada with the Chief-of-the-Staff, and that so many Comrades and friends will have an opportunity of making and renewing acquaintance with her.

they were called upon to speak, and timely and helpful and varied experiences were related.

On Saturday night the Cadets poured forth in song and testimony their tale of Salvation gladness and they, with us, were bound to be encouraged over the results—four seekers, two of them backsliders, for whom many prayers have been offered.

The Corps Cadet Brigade, with Corps Cadet Guardian Mrs. Nelson, had charge of the final Meeting of the weekend on Monday night, and a good time ensued.—J.R.W.



## "The Young Folk They'll Fight Too!"

THE CHIEF SECRETARY AND MRS. MILLER LEAD  
YOUNG PEOPLE'S DAY AT BRANDON



**M**OST decidedly it was the Day for the Young Folk and they demonstrated this fact both volubly and deliberately. Volubly by means of the "Call out The Army" chorus, and deliberately during the solemn moments of the Prayer and Victory Meeting with which we concluded the Day.

Memories of last year's wonderful Young Peoples' Day filled the minds of many; those wonderful hours when Jesus made Himself "a living, bright reality" to so many souls. Memories which served to bestir our faith and kindle our hopes. The Saturday night welcome supper was excellent in its gracious hospitality and so thoroughly Brandonian. We were in good spirits, but not so exuberant in our coming together as to lose the sense of the Holy Day ahead.

### Flowing of Tears

The stirring Open-Air Meeting which called out the Young Folk preceded the "homey" welcome indoors. Lively songs and apt testimonies from visiting and home delegates gave us cause to praise God for the spiritual fluency of our young comrades. Staff-Captain Steele was all alert in the singing moments—with his friend the Editor willingly assisting. Lt.-Colonel Sims had his usual warm salute; while both the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Miller put our feet in the right direction for the morrow.

Just an aside to say that Sergt.-Major Dinsdale came up smiling and gave us his cheery blessing once more.

Sunday dawned too early for some of us, and not bright enough for any of us. It was a raw morning and some of the

atmosphere had found its way into the Council Hall, but it soon became necessary to open the windows in more senses than one. In fact the Heavenly windows were opened as we sang to the tune of "Everybody should know":

"Showers of blessing for me,  
Showers of blessing for me  
The windows of Heaven are open,  
And the blessing is coming to me."

Colonel and Mrs. Miller gave a splendid study in collaboration in their united portrayal of some "Youthful Heroes." Mrs. Miller's readings were a fine background for the Colonel's pictures of famous youthful heroism. Not only were these numerous Biblical allusions quick to be seen and held by the Young People, but out of his rich store of experience and anecdote, the Colonel gave us many a catching illustration, all tending to the central theme of the day.

### Thrill of Adventure

The afternoon came and the weather seemed to suit us better; our spirits were not quite so touchy and Lt.-Colonel Sims started us off with a happy "Feel like singing" song: (we had already been doing our bit on that "Call out The Army" chorus—Staff-Captain Steele and Junior Bramwell Hoddinott competing for honors in forceful volubility)—and the returned Brandonites, Captain Elsie Yarett and Captain Jim Habkirk—both welcomed vociferously—spoke to us: the former on "Corps Cadetship from the standpoint of an Officer," and the latter on "Why I am an Officer." We certainly wish we could give both addresses in full. Ensign M. Houghton gave us some helpful news on the Life Saving aspect of our

work. Choruses and songs all came in their happy order, while Lt.-Colonel Sims and Lt.-Colonel Joy brought us back again to the central theme of the Day, "Heroism in the cause of The Army and Jesus Christ." Two fine stories these men told, both with their thrill of adventure, quite different in incident, but wonderfully alike in Salvationist sentiment and spirit.

The night Meeting had been in our expectations all day. The Chief Secretary gave us the start; this time with the best and most thrilling of youthful adventures—the Boy Jesus Himself.

Ensign Houghton's solo had its own distinctive appeal and truly blessing and inspiring was Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele's prayer. But Mrs. Miller's address, given with so much old-time vim, and yet with a tender motherliness, moved us Penitent-Farm wards.

The consecration moments were sacred to many, and then Lt.-Colonel Sims began an inspired time of Prayer and Victory

### Lively Songs—Apt Testimony

No great rush; no apparent troubling of the waters at first, but by and by, the barrier went crashing; tears were flowing, and more than once that sacred Mercy-Seat was lined with sobbing and deliberate seekers. Again and again the Colonel essayed to "change the Meeting," but right to the end there were anxious ones coming forward, and the "Young Folk, they fought too."

And so we say again, it was a real Young Folk's Day, and one we shall remember.

Adjutant White and Captain William, son of Brandon, and Captain F. Houghton and Lieut. Parr of Virden, Capt. and Mrs. Johnson of Neepawa and Lieut. Jones of Dauphin are keen to follow on the spirit and prompting of the Day. We mention these Corps because of their direct representations at the Meetings; but we know that all the Comrades who were present have these promptings in mind and heart, and so God speed the Young Folk.

### The Finish of the Campaign

Colonel Miller, with Mrs. Miller, concluded his special week-end at Brandon in a manner befitting the main part of the campaign.

Special engagements and important business appointments occupied him during Monday morning and in these Corps and Social affairs were equally concerned. On Monday afternoon the Officers of the city and district met in council. We understand the various addresses gave added interest and importance to this gathering.

### Lecture on the Founder

The finale to the Campaign—always an interesting item of Brandon Y.P. Day, this year took the form of a lecture by the Chief Secretary, "General Wm. Booth, The Founder." Lecturer, subject and illustrations served to make the evening pleasant and profitable.

Lt.-Colonel Sims and Staff-Captain and Mrs. Steele remained with Colonel and Mrs. Miller for these "extra" evenings and naturally added to the specialness of the occasion and of course "The Young Folk they fought too."

**PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE!** With what excited and believing feelings we stepped off the train on Saturday afternoon; and no small measure of nervousness. The latter, however, was soon dispelled by the warm welcome which was extended to us by Adjutant and Mrs. Sharp. Everything was ready, and we were soon making ourselves at home—in true Cadet fashion.

Our operations began almost at once. On the streets ten girls and their leader, equipped with tambourines and megaphone. How the folks stared, and how we enjoyed ourselves. And so we did at the splendidly comfortable billets in which we later found ourselves.

A rousing Open-Air Meeting, followed by the indoor event, when song, testimony, solo, etc., etc., followed each other in quick succession, and when, best of all, one backslider returned to the Fold.

Say, they put in bustling weekends at Portage! First thing Sunday morning up bright and early—for knee-drill, we presume—and then off to the Goal. A new experience that, for some of us; but one where our hearts went out to our audience. We had many sacred and compelling thoughts during our time in that institution. Following this another rousing Open-Air Meeting, and it needed to be a rousing one too, for we stood in deep snow, but that did not diminish our ardour, but only put us in good trim for the Holiness Meeting.

In the afternoon our first engagement was at the Custodial Home. Here again our hearts were much touched, and we counted it no small privilege to bring some cheer into the joyless lives of those present. One

## "THE VICTORS" at PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE

A Brigade of Women-Cadets have a Jubilant Week  
at this Historic Prairie Corps.

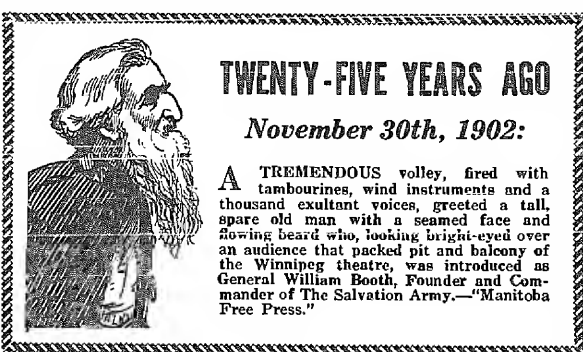
Cadet, who sought occasion to leave the room for a few moments, was greatly dismayed to find us all locked in—but the dismay was not of long duration. However, we trust that the "Shut-ins" still remember us.

Back again to the Citadel for a few minutes at the Company Meeting, and then off to the Native Indian Village, where we were advertised for an engagement. As soon as our cars hove in sight, one of the villagers began to ring the church bell, to call together the congregation. He was assisted in these praiseworthy efforts

by Adjutant Sharp and Ensign Haines in the rendering of a musical duet from the steps of the church. A lovely time in the church followed, and we believe our songs and testimony will bear fruit.

Away back to the town again. Weren't we just kept on the rush, and didn't we just enjoy it! Another lively Open-Air Meeting, and a splendid time indoors, resulting in one dear soul at the Mercy-Seat.

On Monday morning we continued the Campaign. Visitation this time.



## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

November 30th, 1902:

**A** TREMENDOUS volley, fired with tambourines, wind instruments and a thousand exultant voices, greeted a tall, spare old man with a seamed face and flowing beard who, looking bright-eyed over an audience that packed pit and balcony of the Winnipeg theatre, was introduced as General William Booth, Founder and Commander of The Salvation Army—"Manitoba Free Press."

And how splendidly we were received, even better than at some of the homes in Winnipeg. House-to-house visitation in the morning, and school-visitation in the afternoon, which led up to the children's Meeting in the early evening. Two of our party dressed as Chinese women added to the amusement of our lively congregation.

Monday evening was devoted to our famous program, "The Army Symbols" and the concluding seven souls at the Mercy-Seat proved once again that a Meeting of this character can be used directly to the Salvation of souls.—Ar. Tee.

All through the week the fire has been burning; we have had stirring times; in our visitation, in our Open-Air Meetings and in the Junior and Senior indoor Meetings. All the time getting nearer to the weekend, and believing more and more for the mighty times of the Sunday. We were not disappointed.

### The Second Weekend

Saturday evening arrived—the second Saturday of the Campaign—with tambourines jingling, drum beating, and torches flaring. One proud member of the welcoming procession is a gaily caparisoned dog, pulling a sleigh on which was the drum. And all this to welcome Adjutant Davies.

Those of us who had spent the previous Sunday in the city knew something of the programme which was before us, and the good crowd in the Saturday indoor Meeting, with the one soul at the front, whetted our appetite for the full programme.

Again the first Meeting of the day at the jail. How those men sang, and how quickly they took up our choruses. And then the chair at the front, and soon a dear fellow kneeling there, in response

(Continued on page 9)

## "The Victors" (Continued)

to the simple but

But the clock making our district Cry's we hurry Meeting, and the Meeting. Here C as the Revealer we close this Session seeking Him.

What is the old red awhile; that to Portage la Prairie o'clock found us crowd of two hundred Old Folks' Home. a good old song a man sings the second by an invalid sister in full volume. I visit to a dear old and four years, wh our little gift of c

Now we speed village, where by bell, the villagers gathering. We s stately chief; nod picturesque black scarves; and soon swing. We tell a faced children, w everything and giv even something a tion.

Once more our invitation is given and are with us before God.

The evening P Citadel precedes Then the Salvation one of the best Here the visitatio to show fruit, until twelve seekers, closing moments. Candidates, Bands and our new Conv around the Flag, lifted—with tears joyous faces—we follow Thee, of lif

The days of n and we return to t flowing hearts, w cluster of the day train moves over th "We thank Thee,

The Jesus Christ from



1.—Mrs. General



**"The Victors" at Portage La Prairie**

(Continued from page 3)

to the simple but earnest appeals of the girl Cadets.

But the clock moves quickly, and after making our distribution of the "War Cry" we hurry away to the Open-Air Meeting, and thence to the Holiness Meeting. Here God moves amongst us as the Revealer and the Sanctifier, and we close this Session with twelve young men seeking Him.

What is the old axiom—"After dinner rest awhile"; that surely does not apply to Portage La Prairie Sundays. For two o'clock found us singing heartily to a crowd of two hundred and fifty at the Old Folks' Home. "Whosoever heareth"—a good old song at that; one old gentleman sings the second verse in a quavering but sweet tone; the third verse is soloed by an invalid sister; and then the chorus in full volume. Included in our call is a visit to a dear old lady aged one hundred and four years, who very sweetly receives our little gift of candy.

Now we speed again to the Indian village, where by means of the same old bell, the villagers are being called to our gathering.

We shake hands with the stately chief; nod to the women in their picturesque black silk shawls and head scarves; and soon the Meeting is in full swing. We tell a story to the solemn faced children, who are taking full note of everything and giving each other nudges when something special takes their attention.

Once more our joy is full, for when the invitation is given four women respond, and are with us at the front, kneeling before God.

The evening Prayer-Meeting at the Citadel precedes the Open-Air event. Then the Salvation Meeting, followed by one of the best of Prayer-Meetings. Here the visitation of the week begins to show fruit, until we are rejoicing over twelve seekers. What a sight, those closing moments. Cadets, Corps Cadets, Candidates, Bandsmen, Soldiers, Officers, and our new Convert-comrades crowding around the Flag, and with hands uplifted—with tears streaming down our joyous faces—we sing reverently, "I'll follow Thee, of life the Giver."

The days of miracles are not past, and we return to the Garrison with overflowing hearts, whispering amidst the chatter of the day coach, and whilst the train moves over the snow-covered land—"We thank Thee, Lord."—(Ee. Dee).

### The Blood of Jesus Christ Cleanseth from ALL Sin

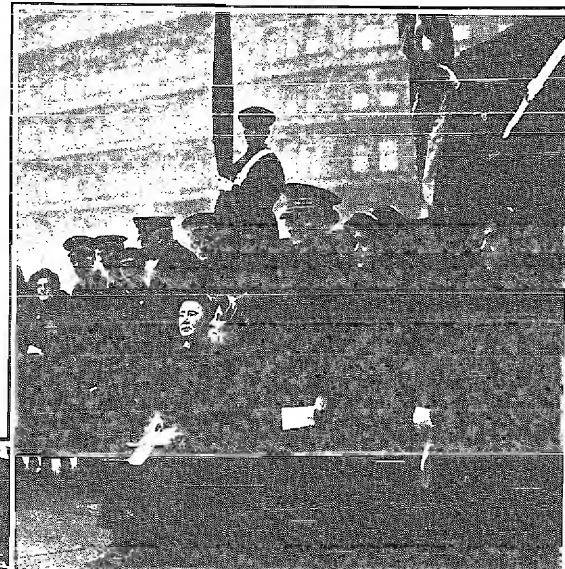


some of the causes which operate to keep men and women estranged from God and their comrades.

"In the case of many of the best of them, there is a kind of natural shame. This is a big difficulty to overcome. They are ashamed to have failed Jesus Christ and The Army, ashamed of much that has happened since they went away from Him; and so they seek to hide themselves, to stand out of the light. This difficulty we must fight by hunting them up, and making them realize how Christ regards their conduct. How did He treat Peter—poor, weak, God-denying Peter? How did He treat Thomas? With what condescending humility He asked poor, doubting Thomas to place his hands in His Side and to note the prints of the nails in His Hands! We shall only get over this shame and fear by the same kind of tactics—by humbling ourselves for their sakes in order that we may induce them to draw near and see and feel that, with their dear, forsaken Master, we also love and yearn for them.

**God the Overcomer**

"Numbers wander away from God and The Army through frictions and disagreements of one kind and another. These people are often most difficult to influence because they have made some foolish promise that they will not do this or that thing unless someone else does the other thing. Here is a matter for prayer as well as personal appeal. I have sometimes been successful, though not always, by bringing together the two parties who are at loggerheads. But the supreme appeal for this class is again Jesus Christ Himself. "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!"

**CALLED**

(Continued from page 6)

It was this that brought His victory. He trod His foes beneath His feet by Himself being trodden down! It is better to be overcome by God than to overcome Him. Make them see and feel this!

"Then it frequently happens that those who have wandered from us have got themselves into circumstances which make their return: to God and The Army undeniably difficult, involving, as it sometimes does, the lives of others. I shall never forget a woman to whom I spoke in a Meeting in a north-country town saying to me, with deep anguish in her voice, when I pleaded with her to come back: "Go to Charley, sir! I was a good girl when we were married, and prayed and read my Bible, and loved The Army. It is Charley who has done it—go and ask him!" And when I asked Charley, he practically admitted it all, but declared that "it was no use," as he had now "got many bets out," and it would be dishonorable to throw them up! In short, the Devil had caught him in a trap and was sure to do his utmost to prevent his escape. For such as these there is only one way of deliverance—THEY MUST COME RIGHT OUT! God will help them."

The General could stay no longer, except to conclude with the moving heart-cry:

"I wish I could reach the ear of every wanderer during these Siege days! If I could speak with them by some as yet undiscovered wireless means, how gladly I would do so! Well, may I not speak to them through my dear Comrades who will read this interview. And what, in a word, should I say? I think I should say:

(Continued foot of column 4)

**"Winter has no Terror for Salvationists"**An Impression in the "Herald",  
Swift Current

SUNDAY afternoon last. Snow falling and swirling in thick flakes deepening the drifts on thoroughfares already covered with a soft, fleecy white blanket. A drab and dreary day, with the wind moaning through bare leafless trees—nature in a sullen mood; the prairie, as far as eye can see, sodden with greyness and bleakness. How warm and mellow it is in the living room as I gaze out of the window, silver streaked with crystal phantasies of frost. Home is so enticing on a day like this. What's this coming up the street leading to the hospital? Straggling along in two's and threes; carrying musical instruments, gleaming dully; heads muffled. I see several youngsters in the straggling group; yes, they too carry band instruments. Three or four of them are but tiny tots hardly over the 'teen age. What brings them out on a day like this? Ah, yes, I know. Why it's The Salvation Army Band, blood-and-fire; making its weekly Sunday trip in fine weather or inclement weather—to play for the patients. I hear them! Victor Herbert or Sousa would not go into raptures over the technique or harmony of this band. What does it matter? Good old fashioned hymns! Trying to bring a little sunshine into the hearts of those who are ill and helpless. The horns sound frozen. Their hands must be cold; they stamp their feet noisily between selections. It really is so nice and comfortable in this room; I watch them lazily and my thoughts are far away. I have seen them in the east end of London—sordid slums, sordid with poverty. The same poom! poom pah! I saw them in France, I saw them in Belgium—during the war. I have written home on Salvation Army stationery; I have been grateful for "sausage and eggs" in the S. A. hutments; I have been warmed with hot tea and a fag under dripping sheet iron roofs, served by Salvation Army workers. I still see them day in and day out. It didn't surprise me to hear their arctic sounding music on that cold afternoon, at the hospital. That little Salvation Army Band; in Swift Current, too.

"Remember, you are CALLED! No matter what has happened, you are among those who have been called by God. The Call is still there—the Call of Jesus Christ, who bought you with a price of infinite suffering and precious Blood. Nothing can change that! Nothing can take away that solemn appeal! Nothing can silence that Divine Call! Yes, again I say:

"You are called of God to take your stand with Him, to fill the place which He has appointed for you down here, and join the throng up yonder who have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb!"

H. L. TAYLOR, Lt.-Colonel

**ARMISTICE SUNDAY IN LONDON**

1.—Mrs. General Booth, Commissioner and Mrs. Mapp and other Officers at the Trafalgar Square Remembrance Service. 2.—Passing the Cenotaph. 3.—Part of the great crowd in Trafalgar Square—Regent Hall Bandsmen in the foreground.

(Continued on page 9)

## The 37th South American (East) Congress

THE many Comrades of Canada West who, with much affection, remember Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Turner, will be glad to hear of doings in the South American (East) Territory under their command.

"We have just concluded," writes Major Palaci, Editor of the "War Cry," "our 37th Annual Congress, held in Buenos Ayres, and can truly say that it has been great and glorious. Colonel Clark, the International visitor, was warmly welcomed and his reference to the interest of the General in the Territory was acclaimed with enthusiasm.

"The Demonstration in the Prince George Hall attracted a great crowd which filled that large Hall and it is considered this was one of the best Meetings we have ever had. The sessions of Officers' Meetings were instructive, inspiring and blessed seasons. The marches through the streets in the very heart of the business part of the city, were the best we have seen and the general public was much impressed. The best Meeting of all was, according to the opinion of most Comrades, that of Wednesday night when 164 Senior and 122 Junior Soldiers were enrolled. The enthusiasm and fervor which characterized this gathering was beyond description. Never have we seen anything like it in our city. The newly enrolled Soldiers are the result of the recent campaigns held in some of the Corps of this city during the last three or four months.

"Our Leaders, Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Turner, are a real inspiration to us and they have kindled the fire of faith and enthusiasm in our hearts. We are in for the most glorious and victorious epoch in our history."

## An Untold Episode

Colonel Allister Smith has talked a good deal of his Army experiences in Africa and Australasia since his return, but it has been left to the New Zealand "War Cry" to relate this episode:

"Perhaps the most intense moment of the tour was connected with the Colonel's visit to Pakatua. The launch had drawn up to the landing-stage, and the Colonel, on jumping ashore, slipped and fell backward into the water. Happily, the efforts of the launch man prevented his being crushed between the launch and the pier, and eventually we landed him safely. Before two hours had elapsed the Colonel declared that he was feeling as fit as a fiddle. Clothed in a suit of uniform borrowed from Field-Major Home, he again boarded the launch and paid a visit to Roto Roa. Later, on arriving at Auckland, he enjoyed immensely the experience of being introduced as a Field-Major."

No matter how high or how lowly you may be, you are a hand-washer, as Pilate was, if you refuse to shoulder your share of any responsibility.

The art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that never goes out of fashion, never ceases to please, and is within the reach of the humblest.

## A Double-Loss

Rugby, England, surely possesses a very rare individual—a saloon keeper who refuses to allow "War Cry" Boomers to sell The Army's papers on his premises, for in many public-houses the presence of our Comrades is as warmly welcomed by the landlord as by his customers. Describing what happened at Rugby a correspondent says:

"On Saturday evening, our 'War Cry' Boomers called upon a saloon keeper who stands alone in the whole town in his refusal to allow the 'Good Old Cry' as so many call it, to be sold to his customers. Upon entering the bar as usual our Comrades were told that they must not sell any more papers inside, and must clear out. Immediately six of his customers told the proprietor that if that was so then they too, would clear out, and he would lose their custom. They not only carried out their threat, but cancelled the orders for drink which had already been given.

## The Deliberations of Daniel Domore and Dorcas his Wife



Styremup Mansions, Suite A.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I am taking my pen in hand to write this letter, hoping it will and you on the top, as it leaves me at present, and to let you know I am right on the job and tickled to death with it. I am not as young as I used to be and neither is my Missus, and not much used to writing, but I want you to know there is life in the old dog yet; and I am going to put some pep into this department. None of your five o'clock men for me, if I have to pay my own electric light bills, I'll stay with the job until it is finished.

I wish you could have seen my Missus—Dorcas Domore, her name is, when I told her I'd been appointed on the staff of "The War Cry." "Thank God for that," she said, "now we shall get something worth reading."

You mustn't be offended Mr. Editor, she doesn't mean any harm, it's only her way. I've only heard her find fault with one thing in the "Cry" so far, and that is the small print of the Corps reports. She says she can't read anything that our young Dan—Captain Dan Jr. you know—and our Dinah, Lieut. Dinah, that is—put in from their Corps. But, of course, there's a reason for it, as I tell her.

She says—she has just said it—"Oh Dan! don't write any more such stuff or you'll get your column in small print, and that won't suit your pride." Now I ask you, Brother Editor, is that nice?

But you should have seen the way she grabbed that list of Corps "War Cry" sales and the things she said; quite violent she was. I asked her "Whose job is it? Yours or mine." My didn't she flare up.

She says, "Anything to do with The Army is my job."

So that's that. I could say more, only I want to preserve the peace of our happy suite.

Subjoined and attached and given herewith are my deliberations for this week. I shall be glad to hear from you in reply to the same.

It is no good; I thought I would be allowed to manage this job by myself, but Dorcas insists on putting in her spoke, so I must just let her do it. Maybe, after all, it will be for the best. There have

been one or two occasions when she has helped me out of a difficulty and many more when she thinks she has done so. Her first scream of delight was over a note just to hand from Staff-Captain Tutte, of Regina D.H.Q., in which he intimates that Shaunavon orders ten additional "War Cry" copies per week. So Shaunavon will go down to posterity as the first of the "Domores"—for Dorcas declares she will take out adoption papers for all Risers. Well, blessings on the heads of Captain Martin and Lieutenant Nichol.

I've decided, this on my own initiative, (I'm not sure about the spelling of that word) to mention the leading Corps in each Division; in the hope that some ambitious spirit may be led to deeds of daring. Well, here they are:

**Manitoba and N.W. Ontario:**  
Winnipeg 1—Adj. and Mrs. Acton.....400  
Ft. William—Capt. and Mrs. King.....325  
Kenora.....210

**North Saskatchewan:**  
Saskatoon 1—Ens. and Mrs. Capon.....360  
Pr. Albert—Ens. and Mrs. Fuglesang.....328  
N. Battleford—Capt. and Mrs. Chapman 245

**South Saskatchewan:**  
Regina 1—Adj. and Mrs. G. Mundy.....475  
Moose Jaw—Adj. and Mrs. F. Morrell.....400  
Medicine Hat—Capt. Little and Steven.....255

**Alberta:**  
Calgary 1—Adj. and Mrs. Junker.....525  
Edmonton 1—Ens. and Mrs. Collier.....425  
Lethbridge—Adj. and Mrs. Hubbard.....310

**South R.C.:**  
Victoria—Comdt. and Mrs. Jones.....420  
Vancouver 1—Adj. and Mrs. Cubitt.....375  
Vancouver 2—Ens. and Mrs. Rea.....225

**North R.C.:**  
Fr. Rupert—Capt. and Mrs. Stebort.....75

I would like to say, dear Mr. Editor, that there are some Comrades who run the foregoing very close, and it will be my unbounded pleasure to mention them to you "in dispatches" if I can get their solemn promise to rise to the level of the present "Mighty Threes." As soon as I get into my usual style ("Humph" says the wife) I will do better.

Meanwhile Dorcas says that next time Adjutant Junker is in Winnipeg, will be please phone, because she will be just delighted to have him up to supper. You see, Calgary 1 is the top "War Cry" Corps for the Territory, and Dorcas does like "being in with the heads."

Yours in the dear old Army,  
Daniel Domore, Envoy.

P.S.—Dear, dear! Mrs. Domore thinks (and so do I) that mention should be made of two other increases which came in just on the eve of our (no my) appointment. Biggar, Captain and Mrs. Blue, 15; and Calgary III, Captain Watt and Lieut. Lapp, 10. Good for the "Overcomers" say I.—D.D.

P.P.S.—Please send me a supply of writing paper and some voucher forms.—D.D.

## Send a Letter Home

A LONG time since you wrote, boy, I hear the old folks say;  
They sadly watch the postman  
As he passes by each day.  
Their hearts for you are grieving,  
They wonder why you roam,  
So sit you down at once, boy,  
And write a letter home.

Remember that they're old, boy,  
And little causes pain;  
The heart is easy moved, boy,  
When life is on the wane.  
Then do not idly wait, boy,  
And let them still bemoan,  
But sit you down at once, boy,  
And write a letter home.

Remember how you'd feel, boy,  
And sad would be your fate,  
If, when your letter reaches them,  
It should be over-late.  
If they in death were sleeping,  
No more on earth to roam,  
Oh, how you'd sadly wish, boy,  
You'd sent a letter home.

And send a letter home, girl,  
They want to hear from you.  
The boys are not the only ones  
Whose letters are too few.  
It's not that they are fussy,  
It's love that prompts their thought;  
So sit right down and write right home  
Just as you know you ought.

Send a copy of "The Christmas War Cry"—it will be welcomed.

## WHAT IS SAVING FAITH?

The faith that saves speaks thus: "I am a great sinner, I deserve to be sent to Hell, but God has promised to forgive me. I come to Him by repentance and faith. I do thus to Him, and I do repent of my sins and submit myself to His authority. I believe that Jesus Christ died for me, and I cast myself upon His mercy, and believe according to His promise that He receives, forgives, and loves me, and that He does all this for me just now."

## STRANGE LITTLE SINS

On the slope of Long's Peak, in Colorado, lies the ruin of a forest giant. The naturalist tells us that the tree has stood for four hundred years; that it was a seedling when Columbus landed on San Salvador; that it had been struck by lightning fourteen times; that the avalanches and storms of four centuries had thundered past it.

In the end, however, beetles killed the tree. A giant that age had not withered, nor lightning blasted, nor storms subdued, fell at last before insects that a man could crush between his forefinger and thumb. How many strong men and women have collapsed to the consternation of their many admirers. The cause of the fall was a hidden and ignored little thing. Well may it be said, "Strange little sins; they do not remain little."

At a certain city in the United States two brothers were so elated because of the remarkable change in another brother since his becoming a Salvationist, that they have each prepaid him \$500 every month as long as he remains in The Army and wears the uniform.

At Perth Amboy, N.J., there have been six drumhead conversions, some of them notorious characters. One was a burglar on the way "to do a job," who, attracted to the Open-Air, became converted and left his house-breaking tools with the Officer. All this came about from a habit of the Officers in putting the drum down at the end of the Open-Air, and themselves kneeling by it to pray for the souls of the people.

## GOOD TIMES AT MT. PLEASANT

Ensign and Mrs. Rea, Splendid times have been witnessed at Vancouver, B.C., during the last two weekends. Saturday night, November 11, the Soldiers gathered at the Hall preparatory to the usual Open-Air Meeting, owing to the bad weather, however, this did not take place, and the Comrades remained at the Hall where a most prayer-blessed time, led by Brother Tom, resulted in thirteen conversions to God. In the Holiness Meeting on Sunday morning Mrs. Rea took the lead, Sister Mrs. Rea, leading the testimonies. At the close of the Meeting five souls plunged into the Fountain. The afternoon Meeting was also run along lines, and the Lord blessed the Ensign's efforts, when two more seekers knelt at the Mercy Seat. At night a splendid crowd gathered at the Open-Air site, while later a good crowd gathered for the Salvation Meeting, joining heartily in the singing of old-time songs. The band played "Calvary" and did not wait until the Ensign gave the address, the result of the Prayer-Meeting being two more seekers.

The following day the Corps was again blessed by God, four seekers being registered. The attendances at the Prayer-Meetings are increasing, and with God's blessing good lines are the result. House-to-house visitation by different Comrades has had wonderful results, there being many new faces seen in the Sunday Meetings.—S.C.P.

## DRUMHELLER

Adjutant Reader and Captain McDowell. On a recent Sunday one of our new Converts made his way to the Penitentiary, and there sought the blessing of Sanctification. In the Salvation Meeting two boys and one girl sought pardon.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Merritt was given a hearty welcome to Drumheller on the occasion of her first visit to the Corps. On Saturday night, in an interesting Meeting she told many incidents in the life of our Founder. In the Sunday morning Holiness Meeting many Comrades were blessed by her convincing words, and at night also. In the latter Meeting the wife of one of our recent Converts was gloriously saved.—G.E.T.

## SASKATOON II

Captain and Mrs. Hill. We have great reason to praise God for His presence in our midst during the last week or so. On Sunday, Nov. 20, we were pleased to have Commandant and Mrs. Beattie with us. To welcome Mrs. Captain Hill back, after her illness. The Commandant inspiring messages were given, and in the Salvation Meetings were joined over two young girls and their mother coming back to Christ, and two other seekers.

Our Corps Cadet Sunday was a real success. On this occasion we were pleased to have Ensign Loughton with us for the Holiness and Conversion Meetings, when he gave inspiring messages, the being especially so to the Young People in the afternoon. The Salvation Meeting was a real one, each Corps Cadet taking an active part. We are glad to say that our Open-Air Meetings are being well attended, and we believe that we are in for a great campaign this winter.—C.C.H.

## THE Being the

## Start The Story Here:

Hephzibah Nott, otherwise Effie—the wife of these letters to her home-folks—is a teacher who has just taken up duty at a country school. She finds herself in the hands of Salvationists, and is not yet quite that she enjoys the experience.

## CHAPTER V

A visit to Mary's mother; and Army Officers come to supper.  
"The Daily La Prairie."

Dear Dad and Mums:

I am not trying to tell you all that happened since I wrote you last, but has been a full week—plenty to write plenty to think about.

I was ever so glad to have you and to know that all goes well at home. I can't help feeling glad that you miss me; evidently the few months have spent at home did give me a taste. You know I used sometimes to feel that Jack had all the thought that I had none. Boys always get their heads in the clouds, but dearest I wouldn't want you to think that the least bit jealous, and certainly now that you are in such trouble with him. I still feel that one day you come right, and that he will be a joy to you instead of an anxiety. Please Jack! When did you hear from you didn't say. That is just the way with letters—there is always something missing; so I'll get on with mine writing going is good.

## Excitement Wearing off

I've an idea that I finished my letter with that description of my day at school. I really cannot get to go into every detail as I did those days, and maybe the first edge of excitement is wearing off. But mind, I'll try to do my best. School days are all much alike, that I am fast making friends with of my young charges. Wee Mary is getting a real firm place in my affections. She seems such a pathetic soul. All the vim and verve of a family has been appropriated by brother—the young rascal.

I was just delighted when Sam came, with its few hours' school, and yet it was a school which drew me, for I filled up the noon in responding to a note of invitation from Mrs. Kirk, in which she had she would be so glad if I would go and see her.

I spent Saturday morning in the myself and doing a few odd jobs, and put off during the week, and in the I could pass over my darling to you, an finding, it necessary to resort to economy if I am to carry into effect my financial plans. Then after I set forth on my walk.

## Barter His Soul for a Car

It was longer than I had bargained for, and the afternoon was so hot. I just lovelly through the woods—I must dodge the mosquitoes—but I emerged into the almost treeless trunks of the test of the way I had taken advantage of the young Gus, and allowed him to me over. That boy—he will do me to get away from his ordinary work I'm fully of the opinion he would p to barter his immortal soul for full ship of a car—an auto I mean. I both Pa Crompton and Hector are most of his deluges in that direction. But the walk was long and tiring, uninteresting, and I was not sorry I saw in the distance the familiar and dear old "Joshua" all smiles, driving "Joshua" to meet, course Harry Kirk was with him. "Tubby" maintained a perfectly demeanour in spite of all Harry's and kept "Joshua" at the same old without heed to the little chap's "Here's teacher! Hullo, Miss Nott! I was glad to get into the ancient



## SAVING FAITH?

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## AT MT. PLEASANT

Reo. Splendid times here measure 11 during the last day night, November 10, at the High Presbyterian Meeting, owing to the fact it did not take place, and at the Hall where a noted by Brother Torma, re-creations to God.

Meeting on Sunday morning the lead, Sister Mrs. Barker. At the close of the service into the Fountain. The also ran along the Lo-J blessed the English women knelt at the Mary-J crowd gathered at the later a good crowd gathered in the morning, joining heartily in the singing. The band played after which the English result of the Prayer-Meeting

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## KELLER

and Captain McDonnell, one of our new Corps Penitent-Form, and three of Sanctification, in the boys and one girl went. Merritt was given a heavy on the occasion of her first On Saturday night, in as he told many incidents in the. In the Sunday morning Comrades were blessed da, and at night also. I wife of one of our recent saved.—C.C.H.H.

## TATION II

Hill. We have great His presence in our midst On Sunday, Nov. 27, we Commandant and Mrs. to welcome Mrs. Captain. The Comrades were enjoyed, and in the Salvationist over two young girls back to Christ, and two Sunday was a real episode. We planned to have Elder the Holiness and Company inspiring message, but the Young People in the tion Meeting was a lively taking an active part at our Open-Air Meeting, and we believe that will sign this winter.—C.C.H.H.

## THE CORPS AT LA PRAIRIE

Being the Epistles of Hephzibah Nott, School Teacher

A story of Western Canada



## Start The Story Here:

Hephzibah Nott, otherwise Effie—the writer of these letters to her home-folks—is a school-teacher who has just taken up duty at a small country school. She finds herself in a circle of Salvationists, and is not yet quite sure that she enjoys the experience.

## CHAPTER V

A visit to Mary's mother; and The Army Officers come to supper.

"The Dell,"  
La Prairie,  
Sept. 8th

## Dear Dad and Mums:

I am not trying to tell you all that has happened since I wrote you last, but it has been a full week—plenty to do and plenty to think about.

I was ever so glad to have your letter and to know that all goes well at your end. I can't help feeling glad that you miss me; evidently the few months I have spent at home did give me a place there. You know I used sometimes to feel that Jack had all the thought and that I had none. Boys always get more than girls, they say; but, dearest dears, I wouldn't want you to think that I am the least bit jealous, and certainly not now that you are in such trouble about him. I still feel that one day all will come right, and that he will be a cheer to you instead of an anxiety. Poor old Jack! When did you hear last from him—you didn't say. That is just the way with letters—there is always something missing; so I'll get on with mine while the going is good.

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School days are all much alike, except that I am fast making friends with some of my young charges. Wee Mary Kirk is getting a real firm place in my affections. She seems such a pathetic little soul. All the vim and verve of the family has been appropriated by her brother—the young rascal.

I was just delighted when Saturday came, with its few hours relief from school, and yet it was a school duty which drew me, for I filled up the afternoon in responding to a note of invitation from Mrs. Kirk, in which she had said she would be so glad if I would go over and see her.

I spent Saturday morning in tidying myself and doing a few odd jobs that I had put off during the week, and in wishing I could pass over my darling to you, for I am finding it necessary to resort to that economy if I am to carry into effect all my financial plans. Then after dinner I set forth on my walk.

## Barter His Soul for a Car

It was longer than I had bargained for and the afternoon was so hot. It was just lovely through the woods—I managed to dodge the mosquitoes—but when I emerged into the almost treeless barrens of the rest of the way I wished I had taken advantage of the offer of young Gus, and allowed him to drive me over. That boy—he will do anything to get away from his ordinary work, and I'm fully of the opinion he would proceed to barter his immortal soul for full ownership of a car—an auto I mean. I think both Pa Crompton and Hector are up to most of his deceptions in that direction.

But the walk was long and tiring and uninteresting, and I was not sorry when I saw in the distance the familiar buggy and dear old "Tubby" all sweat and smiles, driving "Joshua" to meet me; of course Harry Kirk was with him, but "Tubby" maintained a perfectly stolid demeanour in spite of all Harry's urgings, and kept "Joshua" at the same old gait, without heed to the little chap's cries, "Here's teacher! Hullo, Miss Nott."

I was glad to get into the ancient Ark

and be piloted therein for the remainder of the journey.

As I told you, I think, Mrs. Kirk has no easy task. Her father is a grasping old man; always keen on the dollar; and never slow to remind her of her almost entire dependence on him. Her mother is just what one would expect in the wife of such an old miser. She looks worn out; and although I do not suppose the father knows it, mother and daughter find much comfort in each other's presence, and company.

## Furtive-eyed Old Lady

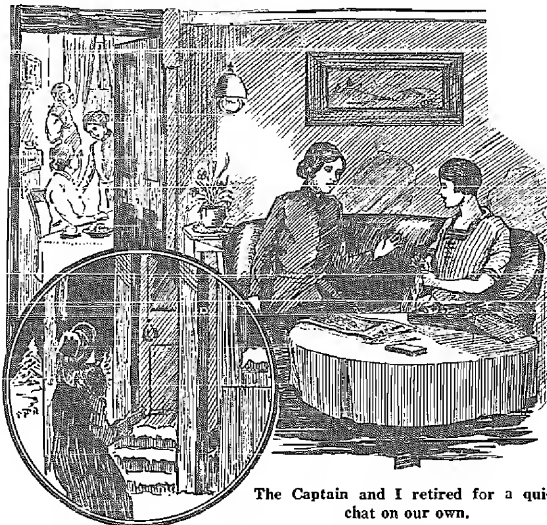
When I arrived Grandfather Johns was out; he had gone down to La Prairie, and so we had our first little while without him. The greeting that Mrs. Kirk gave me was as though she had known me for years. It scarcely seemed possible that we had only had that train talk together. She asked so affectionately after you. I suppose she knew I would be thinking about you. I was introduced

her of some of the doings of the other youngsters on their way to and from the school. "Tubby" does not always manage to restrain his brother "Skinny's" wildness; and young Harry Kirk comes home full of childish glee at their exploits, while Mary is reduced to a condition of fearful nervousness. I must speak faithfully with Master Adventurous.

We were in the midst of our tea-drinking—which had been arranged by Grandma Johns indoors—when we heard the sound of wheels outside. Immediately awe fell over us all. The old mother began to fidget, and evidently was anxious that I should hasten my departure; Mrs. Kirk said, "Hush Harry, here's your granddad"—Harry did hush. I felt I was quite among the unwanted, and although there was so much more we had to say to each other I made haste to make myself scarce.

## A Lord of Creation

I was standing not upon the order of



The Captain and I retired for a quiet chat on our own.

to Grandma Johns—a furtive eyed old lady, tall, gaunt, and for ever giving one the impression that she was watching and listening for somebody. (I saw more of this later on.) She retired almost as soon as I made my appearance and I was left for my chat with Mrs. Kirk, with little Mary in close attendance.

She feels her position very keenly. Cannot you imagine how she would feel? She tells me she was so happy in getting away from it; the joy in the fact that her husband had returned safely from his terrible experiences overseas; the gladness of their reunion, and the high hopes they had had for their homesteading and now this. It is awful, isn't it? Do you know, dearest people, I felt just as I did on the train, that I wanted to say something that would really comfort her, but I could not summon up enough courage—I could only cry silently with her and hope that the lot might be better. It is pitiful too, to hear the little woman planning how to make the few dollars last out—the little residue—the small, scanty store of what she managed to bring away with her.

## Tragedies in Quiet Corners

Oh, I am beginning to think there are some tragedies in this life, and the worst of them hidden away in the quiet corners of the earth.

This little woman is inclined to make much of very little, especially in the way of troubles. For instance, she is greatly worried about the children's going to school. I think Mary has been telling

my going, when "Grand-dad" made his entry. I thank all my lucky stars he is not one of my ancestors. Tall, gaunt, long faced, a scraggly beard—everything on the "long side." He marched into the house with a regular "Lord of Creation" air. Mrs. Johns was busily engaged in an effort to get the tea things out of his sight, but, dear muddled old thing, she did but contrive to attract his attention the more. Mary, who evidently is the only one without fear of him, said, pulling at his sleeve, "It's my teacher, grand-dad."

He gave me a glancing scowl, and said, "Huh! saving a meal for the Cromptons, Eh?" whereat I did make my exit, and vowed all the way home that I would make sure of his absence before ever I ventured foot again in his homestead. Miserable old man!

## Company for Supper

I found "Ma Crompton" had company for supper; she had quite forgotten to tell me, or I would have postponed my "Kirk" call, (and I wish I had). Supper was laid out in grand style, and it was obvious that it was not altogether without honor for my own proud self. I felt in no mood for the event, nor for the company that awaited my coming; for The Army Officers were there, and before I

knew where I was I was being introduced to "the Captain and Lieutenant." It did not occur to anybody to tell me their names, and so perforce I found myself very speedily "Captaining" and "Lieutenancing" with the rest.

But they are two dear girls; I'm in love with them right away and for always.

The Captain is much older than the Lieutenant; a quiet, retiring personage, with a voice showing much signs of hard wear. She has been an Army Officer for nearly six years, and she used to be a teacher. So that's a bond of affinity.

## Lieutenant Full of Fun

The Lieutenant is only a few months older than myself, and full of happy fun. "Oh, Captain, dear," she says, "do let's laugh," and the Captain gives a sort of silent smile—do you know what I mean?—that in no way checks the gladfulness of her colleague. I've discovered too that this young lady is a delightful soloist; the Captain sings too, but in a quieter style. But I'm all disoriented again!

Pa Crompton was in great spirits; Brenda was evidently torn between three loves; Hector was just as evidently proud of the Officers—they were making their first visit to The Dell—and Ma, as usual, cumbered about with much serving. She did find time, however, to ask a few questions, and by the time supper was over she and Pa were in possession of a fairly good biography of both ladies.

When we had finished our meal, the Captain and I retired to another room for a quiet chat on our own—she is such an attractive talker. The Lieutenant waited on Ma Crompton in the kitchen, insisting that she had been so busy waiting on us, that she had eaten nothing herself.

I wish I could make you feel something of the charming restraint with which the Captain talked about herself. She comes from British Columbia and before she joined The Army, she was such friends with her father and mother. The Army came to her little town in the valley, and as she said so sweetly I could have kissed her: "It was then I realised how I was wasting my life."

## Training School at Winnipeg

It appears she became a member of The Army against her parents' wishes—"I couldn't help it, anyhow," she said. "God called me," and then she felt she must become an Officer (and would you believe it, the night she went home to tell her people of this "call," as she says it, she found the door of the house locked against her. She had to come away from home and go to the Training School at Winnipeg without even the chance of saying goodbye, and they never answer her letters, although she writes quite often.

I sat and cried while the Captain talked; I could do no other. I was—and am—so glad that you would not have treated me like that. It seems so dreadful that one's own parents should stand in the way of one's taking up such a grand work as that of an Army Officer. You see where I am getting.

Our conversation, however, was suddenly interrupted by the Lieutenant rushing in upon us, and declaring that "if they didn't get away at once, they would be late for Open-Air." And our talk had to cease.

I am going to see more of these two girls; I feel so sure you would like them. But you need not worry that I am going to do it just at this moment, for it is ever so late, and I am once more your tired and sleepy little girl—

So goodnight, and God bless you.

Yours ever so lovingly,

Effie.

Next Week—Little Mary meets with an accident

The Way to Heaven  
is Straight and Plain

# WAR CRY



If You go to Hell  
Who will be to blame?

No. 48

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1927

WINNIPEG

PRICE FIVE CENTS

We are looking  
for you



We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317 - 319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

1639—Frank M. Jones. Age 47; height 5 ft. 5 ins.; dark brown eyes; fair, clear complexion. Born at Walsall, England, and was an insurance agent. Relatives anxious.  
1640—Ernest Alfred Hobart. Living on Logan Ave., Winnipeg, in March, 1927 and previously at Brandon. Wife anxious to locate.  
1768—George James Payne. Age 38; height 5 ft. 3 ins.; dark hair; dark eyes; sallow complexion; native of London. Came out to Canada with Dr. Barnardo party in 1900. Last known address Newdorf, Sask.  
1769—Harry Twissley. Missing since July, 1924; 45 to 50 years of age; height 5 ft. 5 ins.; dark hair; dark eyes; fresh complexion; occupation, shoemaker. For time was in B. C. Relatives enquiring.  
1720—Ben Smith. Last known address, Edmonton Street, Winnipeg. Wife anxious to locate.  
1725—Arne Andersen. Brecken. Age 21; yellow hair; blue eyes; last heard from April 1927. Railway worker with C.N.R. Winnipeg. A friend is anxious.  
1729—David John Stoddart. Missing since Christmas 1926; age 26; height 5 ft. 8 ins.; grey-blue eyes; fair complexion; coal miner in U.S. Country; native of Wales.  
1733—Valentin Flutsch. Last heard from around Edmonton; relatives enquiring.



Carl Christian Hansen

1746—Carl Christian Hansen. Born in Assens, Denmark, 1887; came to Canada as young man. During late war was Canadian soldier. No. 1048618, 19th Company Canadian Forestry Corps. Parents inquiring.

(See photo)

1752—Jesse D. C. McLane or Laine. Nickname Jock. Came to Canada this year; age 25½; height 5 ft. 11 ins.; sandy hair; blue eyes; high colored complexion. Woodcutter by trade. News urgently wanted by friends in England. Communicate immediately.

1753—Ed Engeström. Norwegian; age 42; height 5 ft. 11 ins.; light complexion; blue eyes; straight figure. Dying war was in 97th Battalion at Winnipeg, in 1916. For a time was at Brandon. Father looks for news.

1755—Karl Olf Field Olsen. Age 18; tall; blonde hair; blue eyes; last heard from 1914. A soldier; thought to be sailing on the West Coast of U.S.A. Father wishes to get in touch.

1757—Henry Jones. Came to Canada 1922; farmer, of Welsh extraction. Thought to be married. Quiet disposition; age 39; height 6 ft.; brown hair; dark eyes; pale complexion. Was two years in place called Wassaway.

1765—Allen Ireland. Age 27; height 6 ft.; dark hair; dark brown eyes; dark complexion. Parents anxious.

1768—Henry Boulton. Age 38; height 5 ft. 9 ins.; brown hair; brown eyes; fresh complexion; farming. Was last heard of in Alberta.

1767—Alex. Hart. Age between 35 and 37. For a time was working at Camp 38, Naim Centre, Ontario in 1923. Father anxiously enquiring.

1769—Victor Westfal Franz Siegel. Born in 1873 at Allagen, Saut, Westf., Germany. Is married and a merchant by profession. Last known address, Götting, Man., in 1919.

## — THE — CHIEF-of-the-STAFF (COMMISSIONER E. J. HIGGINS) and MRS. COMMISSIONER HIGGINS



accompanied by  
Lieut.-  
Commissioner  
and Mrs. Rich  
will conduct  
meetings in  
Canada West  
Territory  
as follows:

### Winnipeg

TUESDAY, Dec. 13, at 3.00 p.m.

Opening of the "William Booth  
Memorial" Training Garrison

THURSDAY, Dec. 15, at 7.45 p.m.

Comrades and Old Comrades Assembly  
(Broadway Baptist Church)

### Vancouver

SUNDAY, Dec. 18, (Pantages Theatre)

11 a.m. Holiness Meeting

3 p.m. Lecture "Seventy Nations—  
One Flag"

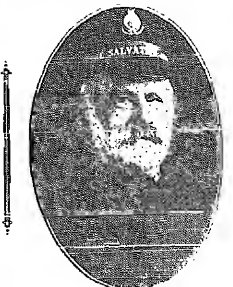
7.30 p.m. A Battle of Salvation

### Promoted to Glory Brother William (Dad) Long, Edmonton Citadel

The Comrades of Edmonton Citadel will no more hear Dad, as he leaves the Sunday night Meeting, saying, as was his custom, "Good-night everyone, and God bless you." We shall never again look upon his kindly old face with its snow-white beard, all aglow and beaming with the love of God. Dad passed away in one of the local hospitals on October 23. Those who were with him towards the end say that his room was not like a death-chamber, but that the hallowed influence seemed to carry one almost to the gates of the home on High. Dad did not fear death, for he had, many years ago, made preparations for it, and has lived secure in the knowledge that Jesus is all in all to him.

The Funeral Service, conducted by Ensign and Mrs. Collier, was held on Wednesday afternoon, October 26, in the Citadel, where a large crowd gathered. Several of his old Comrades spoke feelingly of Dad's life. Many people stood watching, as with the Band at its head, the procession marched away from the Citadel to the cemetery where another short service was held.

The following Sunday evening a Memorial Service was held for our Promoted



Dad Long

Comrade. On leaving the Open-Air stand the Band played the "Dead March." A large crowd gathered in the Citadel for the service, which opened with Dad's favorite song, "My home is in Heaven." Brother Barker spoke regarding the life of Brother Long, as did Brother Basingthwait, who had known him for nearly twenty years, and who had worked with him in Fernie when they had both lived there, prior to coming to Edmonton. He told of the old warrior's wonderful spirit, and that his own ambition in life was the winning of souls for the Master he loved. Sister Mrs. Lydall soloed, "He wipes the tear from every eye," and after the Band had played, "Promoted to Glory," the Songsters sang "Abide with me." The Ensign's closing address was helpful and convincing.

Dad will be sadly missed by everyone who knew him, but the influence that he has left behind will ever remain. Forty years ago he gave his heart to God, and had lived the life of a true Christian ever since. Of his long service for God, twenty years were spent in Edwinstown, Nottinghamshire, England. He leaves behind him his wife, three sons and two daughters, whom he is hoping to meet in the Glory-land.—N.B.



## THE CHRISTMAS "WAR CRY"



SALVATIONISTS and Army friends do not fail to order your copy early; when you see the Issue, you will certainly require 8 copies for your friends. Eight pages in color, including unique portraits of the Founder and the Mother of The Army in an entirely new presentation. These alone are worth the price—10c.

"Christ glorified in the Commonplace"—by The General. "The Fact of Christmas"—by Mrs. General Booth; "The Desire of the Nations"—by Lt.-Commissioner Rich; "No Room for Him"—by Commissioner Lawley; "I was a Stranger and ye took me in"—by the Chief Secretary; "The Love Story that Influenced the World"—by Harold Begbie; "The Night of Stars"—by Colonel Wm. Nicholson; "The Shepherd Boy of Bethlehem"—by the Editor; "Christmas in Sweden"—by Mrs. Major Lerson; "The Lone Log Cabin in the Woods"—by Adj. W. R. Putt; "Christmas Day in Peking"—by Mrs. Staff-Captain Beckett; "Yuletide in Iceland"—by Brigadier Graueland; "Yesterday and To-day in Canadian History"—by D.O.J.; etc., etc.

If you are interested in the extension of the Kingdom of God, ask The Army Officer for copies for sale among your friends.

The Bible



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